



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Princeton University Library



32101 063603995

425
X mte
100
1

du
100

Library of



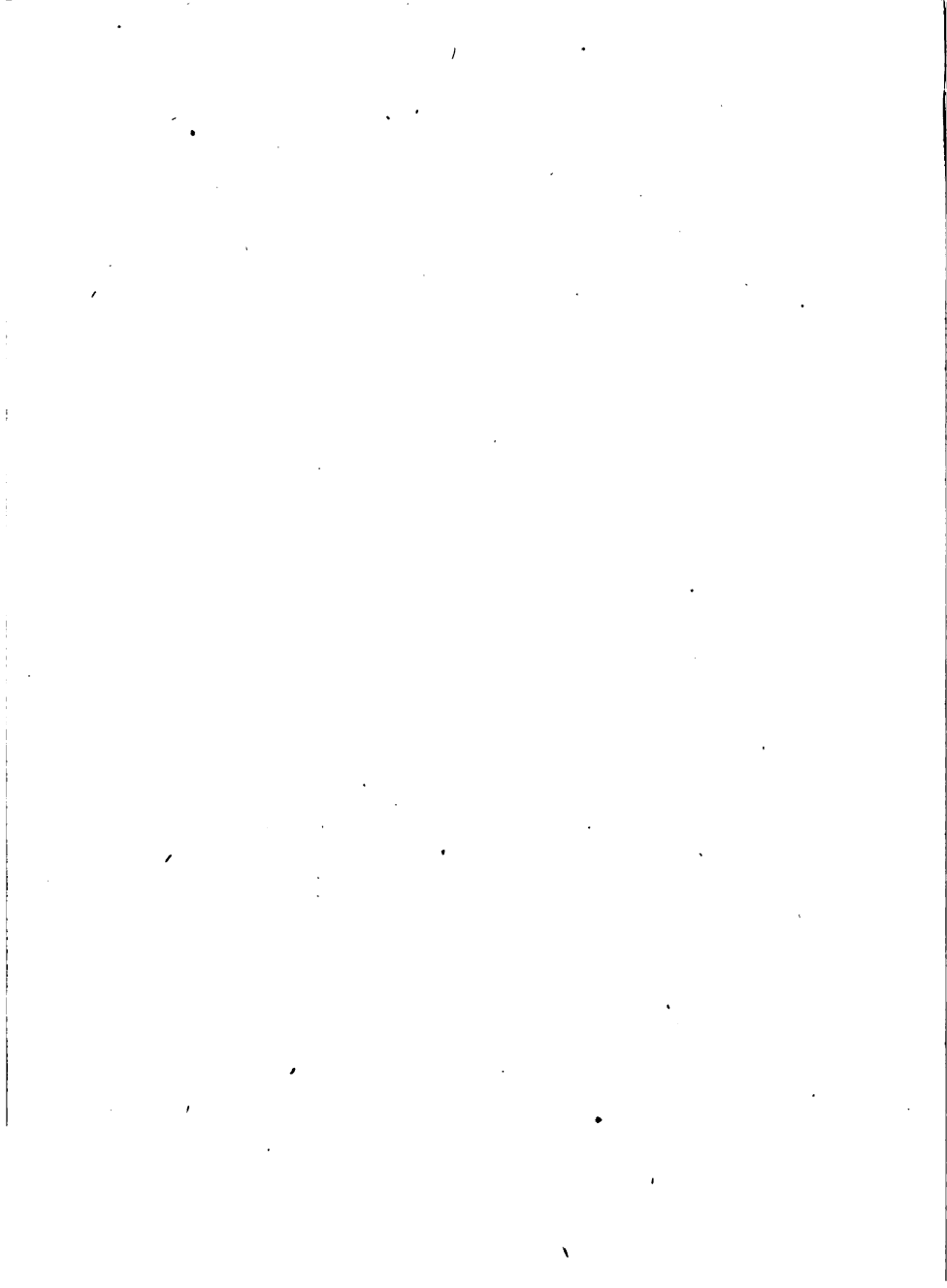
Princeton University.

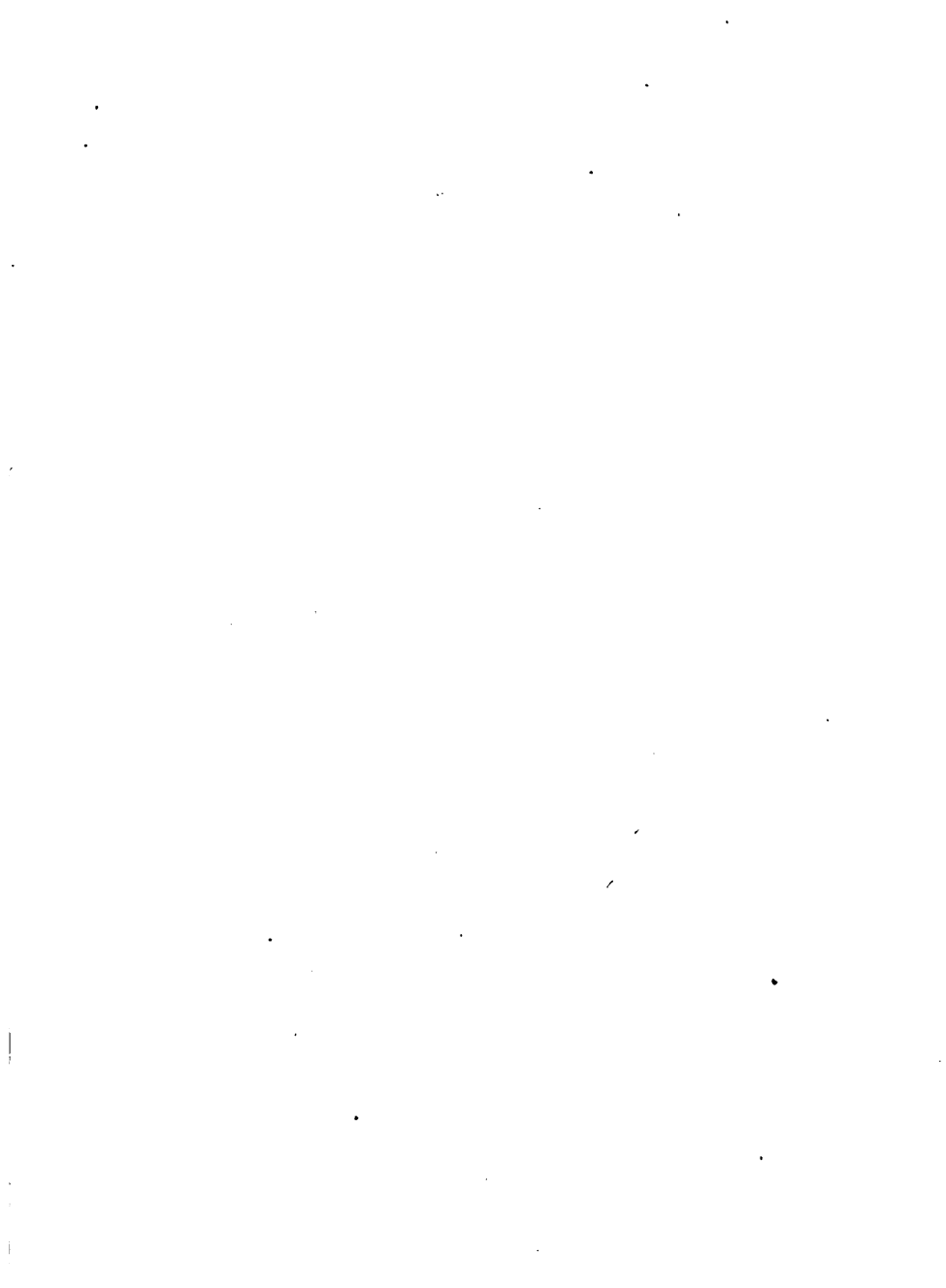
FROM THE ESTATE
OF
WILLIAM BROKAW BAMFORD '00













EXAMPLES OF GOODNESS.

Narrated for the Young.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVIS, PORTER & CO.
1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by

JAMES K. SIMON,

**In the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States,
in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.**

CONTENTS.

AUNT CHRISTINA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
OLD AGATHA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
THE TABLE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	26
THE CHINESE TENT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	49
THE LITTLE SPANISH GIRL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
MISCHIEVOUS ADELE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
FEMALE COURAGE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	88
JULIUS AND MARY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	97

(RECAP)

3596

9325

1953-6

EXAMPLES OF GOODNESS.

AUNT CHRISTINA.

Mrs. MORLACH was a widow with four children, two boys and two girls. Her very feeble health, the effect of excessive grief for the loss of her husband, impressed her nearest relatives with the saddest forebodings; and the idea, that her children might shortly become motherless, was, to them, insupportable. This brought her mother and brother, who tenderly loved her, together, in order to consult with each other as to means, whereby her life might be preserved for a longer time. They called a consultation of the most eminent physicians, who unanimously declared that undisturbed repose was necessary to restore her shattered health or preserve her life; and that a long residence in Italy would produce the best results.

Mrs. Morlach was day and night surrounded by her children; they could not endure the thought of parting with her: yet a long separation, of many months, was quite necessary.

Providence had moulded the disposition and capacity of the children to amiability. Over their gradual improvement and development watched the attentive eyes of the mother; their progress in learning authorized the brightest hopes. Had they possessed bodily strength and health, no wish would have remained ungratified in respect to them. But both the girls, as well as their brothers, were of a frame of body not very robust; and their personal welfare required a very careful attendance. It cost the mother, therefore, a great struggle before she could resolve to leave her children; yet she was so rational as to submit to the representations of her faithful mother and brother, as well as of the doctors. Even her love to her children, whom she ardently sought longer to maintain, bade her consider herself in the separation. It was finally resolved that the children should, during her absence, live at a country seat, and it was hoped also, that this residence would be very conducive to their health.

But the great question now was—where could any person be found to supply, in any mode of education, the place of a mother; who would understand not only how to nurture children carefully, but also be capable, at the same time, of instructing herself and them, and of imparting agreeable entertainment, so requisite for children; and to find these qualities also in an aged person, in whose habits work and play must interchange with each other.

After each had thought of it, the brother of Mrs. Morlach at length exclaimed—"I have found an excellent person, who unites in herself all that we desire. It is impossible to find

any that can do better, that I assure you—guess at once whom I mean”—Each tried now to guess the name—“I know it,” said Mrs. Morlach—“you mean, dear brother, old Aunt Christina”—“yes, I mean even her,” replied the brother. All exulted with delight, and gave their unanimous assent to the choice, as there was in fact no person better qualified for the station than this excellent women. The suffering mother could now without care, withdraw herself from all belonging to her. There was also found, in this choice, a strongly effective means conducive to the recovery of the beloved mother, while on account of her children, she could rest quite at ease.

They resolved to write immediately to Aunt Christina, so that she might hasten her journey as soon as possible. But before we install this good lady in her new sphere of action, we must make the reader more intimately acquainted with her.

Aunt Christian lived in a little village. Her income sufficed for her support, and was even large enough to enable her to bestow many a love-token among the unfortunate in her neighborhood. Her knowledge placed her in a condition to keep a small school, into which she admitted little children gratis; and there taught them especially to love God, and to keep all his holy commandments. After school time, she frequently took short walks with her pupils; and out of doors, in God’s displayed nature, pursued her instruction, and made them observant of the magnificent works of Providence, from which man knows the unseen existence of God, his power and sublimity; and explained to them how full the

earth is of good. With that she would let the children gather the most useful herbs, in order to be dried. These she then carefully kept, and in the winter divided them out among the poor to sell to the rich.

Love to God and to mankind, which she impressed upon the children, lived effectively in her own heart. Of this, all her actions were eloquent proofs. She visited the sick, provided them with necessaries, and often nursed them when she deemed it needful. She aided them with advice and by deeds; and frequently divided with them her wine and soup. The villagers proved themselves grateful in return; they would bring her milk, fresh cream, butter, a piece of smoked ham, nuts and apples, and even thick milk for her cats. These gifts Aunt Christina accepted with pleasure, because they were all bestowed by affectionate hearts.

In her movements she was ever the same till even in old age, sprightly and gay; she had a lively spirit, was also judicious, and of the happiest disposition; whence it is quite evident that she was generally beloved. She had in the course of her life seen and heard much, and of which she remembered a great deal. Many a narrative had she gathered, which she knew how to relate in an engaging manner so that every person was charmed, and lent her an attentive ear and an open heart. She knew how to make herself beloved especially by the children, and how to render them cheerful and happy.

She was wont to visit her relatives once every three years. For this occasion, she would save up as much as would buy

herself some new clothing. Her little wardrobe she allowed to be made a trifle after the fashion, her straw hat to have a new ribbon, which she preserved, in the winter, in a napkin made very stiff with liquid blue starch, lest it might become too yellow. Then also would a pair of new shoes be ordered, and a pair of gloves bought; and thus, when nothing more was wanting to her toilet, she gave her little birds, her cats, and dog to a trusty neighbour woman, to feed during her absence; placed her house in order, deposited the house-key at the parsonage for safe keeping; once more visited the poor, and distributed among them whatever provisions she had stored by; then she started, with her traveling bag to the next little town, and there took a hired coach in order to ride, in a becoming manner, to her relatives, who with gladness welcomed her, because she always lived in the utmost harmony with all, and was never burthensome to any. You may well suppose, that her traveling expenses would be richly requited, and that on every occasion, people would increase and renew her wardrobe, so that during the three years which she passed in the village, she was not incumbered with any expense for it.

Although Aunt Christina passed the hours very delightfully amongst her kindred, yet she constantly longed to return to her quiet little hamlet, where she enjoyed incomparably greater pleasures. All there impatiently expected her because she was so kind to all and so cordial in her intentions; there she found her little well arranged garden again, her snug cottage, her dog—the trusty sentinel of the house—and

her cats, which, in her company had forgotten the hereditary fault of their race, treachery they had wholly forsaken, and in constant harmony purred themselves around her. And when Aunt Christina appeared on Sundays at church, gladness sparkled in all eyes ; the villagers found in her a devoted protectress, a friend who was ever prepared to soothe their griefs, to help them in sickness and to comfort them in affliction.

It was about the end of October, when they wrote to Aunt Christina that her presence was wanted, and she was urgently besought to come as soon as possible.

Our good Aunt was no little dismayed by this unexpected invitation, which left her to apprehend some misfortune. She delayed not long to fix her resolution, however much regret it caused her to leave for a whole year the hamlet where all needed her so much. She replied directly very cordially to the entreaties of her kinsfolks, and after she had completed some little arrangements and once more visited the poor, she set forth on her journey. But as she anticipated that she would pass the winter with her relations she could not bear to leave her canary-bird and her finches, nor even her little dog behind her ; she kept the dog, during the journey, between her feet and the bird-cage (which she allowed to be carried for her to the next little town) on her lap.

On account of preparing for her trip, the good Aunt could not get a moment to inform her kinsfolks of the day of her arrival.

One morning, as they yet sat at breakfast, Mrs. Morlach'.

children who were playing in the garden, hurried, out of breath, into the dining room with the joyful exclamation—"Mamma, Mamma! Aunt Christina is here!—Oh! only come and see what beautiful little birds, and the darling little dog she has brought with her."

Mrs. Morlach hastened to welcome Aunt Christina. Oh how sincerely she thanked her. Had she not assented to supply a mother's place with her children, Mrs. Morlach could never, perhaps, have resolved to separate herself from her little darlings; or she might be constantly uneasy about them, which would have rendered the restoration of her health very doubtful. But now she could depart, satisfied that they were under the most faithful superintendence, and about their nurture and education, she would be free from all anxiety.

Two days afterwards they proceeded to the country seat, which was situated at a short distance, in order to make the necessary arrangements for the Aunt and the children, who were to spend the winter months there. It was a real holiday. All the children in the neighbourhood—for there was in the same district many other beautiful country seats—were invited. They entered into all sorts of plays; they danced, sported and sang. The good Aunt took the most lively interest in the children's pleasures; her cheerfulness and affectionate conduct won her all their hearts. Indeed many of them congratulated Mrs. Morlach's children, for being so fortunate as to spend the whole winter in the company of so good an Aunt.

Two days were employed in arranging the whole establishment, and these were granted to the children for play; but thereafter, some hours were daily devoted to useful employments; and in order to enliven the children's zeal therein, the good Aunt promised to relate a tale to them occasionally. They now redoubled their industry, and Aunt Christina shortly began her first tale:—

THE FIRST TALE.

OLD AGATHA.

It was spring. The sun's warming rays awoke to new life the benumbed earth. Already the young verdure had sprouted forth all around, and the lark warbled her lay amid the balmy air, as Ida of Muhlen, a girl of twelve years, bounded, in great joy towards Jane, one of her friends, and said—"how glad I am, how glad I am! Now it is henceforth vacation again. Now I can make little pleasant jaunts upon our pony; and when we go to the country seat, I will play feather-ball again, with the children of our tenant. Oh, I will again amuse myself royally, all day. Adieu books! Farewell tasks! In the adjoining village is but a school for little children—that is no more for me; I would be ashamed were I not further advanced, and should have to go there. That will do for my little sister; she may visit it. But I have holiday."

"Aye, you have cause to rejoice," replied Jane to the prattling Ida. "I wish I were in your place; but we have no country seat; and we must come, at nine o'clock every day,

to school; while you go skipping, free and gaily, about the country, and may play in the garden as long as you like."

"Now, don't be sorry about it;" replied Ida, grasping Jane by the hand. "I will send you back as formerly, all kinds of fruits; cherries, plums, pears; and bring you a bag full of hazlenuts, and some cakes, which the good Agatha, my old nurse, bakes every time we come back to the city. But will you not help me again, Jane, when I have tasks to do at school, and whisper to me, when I have to say my lesson?"

Jane promised her to do so; and the friends parted, each promising to think very often of the other.

You have already remarked, my children, that Ida was not one of the diligent pupils; and that she rejoiced to go away to the country seat, while she expected that she would there be freed from all school tasks. It is truly a loss to Ida, that she has this fault, though she still is of a kind heart.

Ida, as she proceeded along the beautiful lane that led to the castle, felt herself fortunate that she would stay there, throughout the summer, with her parents. No sooner would they arrive, than she would have nothing more urgent to do, than to run into the garden, search out where her little fishes were, and her little country friends, and to make small presents here and there. It was not long before she found her old acquaintances, the children of the tenant and gardener. As these heard the chaise rolling into the castle yard, they presented themselves, in order to welcome the

kind Ida, and to proffer their services, which were always so liberally rewarded. She saved them her dessert from the dinner-table, and repeatedly begged some fruit of the gardener, to distribute amongst her playmates. In this manner was the first day spent; a day of real festivity to young Ida, and she already promised herself nothing but joy and pleasure during her summer's residence. But she deceived herself; and it is good that people's lives do not consist of joy and pleasure. Ida experienced this to her own profit.

In the village there lived an aged woman, esteemed and beloved by every person. She had in her lifetime experienced a very sorrowful lot. Her means of living she procured by labour. For this purpose she taught a small school; and after her school hours, she also taught the larger girls in the neighbourhood, whatever she herself perfectly understood. This poor woman was thus obliged to sit still at home the whole day; and when at night, she had eaten her soup and cheese cake, she would take a short walk upon the common in order to breath the fresh air, and move her limbs a while, which, from continual sitting were very stiff, and caused her great pain.

One evening the brilliant moonlight had enticed her out, and she allowed herself to be led thereby to take a longer walk than usual. She came near to the castle garden, where Ida, with her little playmates, were enjoying themselves in the most extravagant manner. They played her favourite play. The feather-ball was thrown, but the moonshine, clear as it was, did not enable them to throw the ball with the

same precision as in day, when the sun shone. The ball had fallen to the ground, and Ida ran fast to pick it up again; but it happened that she ran so forcibly against old Agatha that she threw her to the ground, and fell herself over her.

In a loud and piercing scream the old lady cried, "I have a limb broken, yes, I feel it. I am not mistaken. Oh, what will become of me in my old days?"

Ida was deeply horrified; she hastened to the tenant, to beg him to come with his son, and take the old lady home. They brought her away along with Ida, who grasped her by the hand, and accompanied her to her dwelling, weeping bitter tears.

"Weep not; Oh, I forgive you;" said the good woman, "I know you did not do it willingly." But this did not comfort Ida. She was quite beside herself. She felt the deepest compassion for poor Agatha; and at the same time, bitterly reproached herself, because she, being the occasion of the misfortune, must be considered as having done it. She hastened forth from Agatha's cabin, in order to bring her the village surgeon.

"Oh, come sir, quick, quick, I pray you," exclaimed she, "come, I pray you, come! as fast as possible. I have occasioned a great misfortune. Old Agatha has a limb broken and all through my fault. But I will pay all out of my saving box. Of that you may be sure; but still, say nothing to my mother about it; and if my saving-box money will not suffice, then I will sell my gold rings and pay you the debt."

"That is very fair of you my dear child, but be not troubled, I hope it is not so bad as you think," replied the surgeon, and went with Ida directly to old Agatha.

"Here is the surgeon, he comes to mend your limb," cried Ida to old Agatha, as she entered her chamber. "Oh, I wish that this calamity had happened to myself rather than to you, good Agatha;" and she again burst forth into tears.

"Ah, my dear, good child," said the old lady, "be not so sorry, and do not think so severely of yourself;" and then turning her face to the surgeon, whispered—"you would do me a great favor, if you would send away this child during the operation—for her grief goes to my heart."

The surgeon, therefore, mentioned that he needed three or four people more, and requested her to bring them all, and thus sent her away. With deep sorrow, the poor child left the patient. But what should poor Ida now do? she could not dare to come before her mother's eyes—who would be her mediator? Then it occurred to her—to go to their old preacher, who had always been so affable and kind to her. If he would speak a good word for her, she hoped that her mother might, perhaps, forgive her. Trembling, she rang the bell at the parsonage. The trusty Magdalen, the housemaid, came to the window, and as she heard Ida weeping, called out to her, in surprise, "How is this, my dear little girl! what is it you want of us, so late?"

"Oh, Magdalen, I am in a great misfortune. Is the minister at home?" and the tears prevented the poor child from speaking another word.

"Yes, he is now at supper—come you in, dear little girl." said the sympathizing Magdalen, after she had opened the door.

"What has happened at the castle?" inquired the reverend old man.

Ida had first to restrain her weeping; and then she related to the old gentleman the affecting accident. The good man to console her, promised to come to the castle next morning, and speak to her mother. "Come, my dear child," added he, "it is now late, Magdalen will take you to the castle; and I will, meanwhile, look after the good Agatha."

"Oh, dear Sir, please ask of good Agatha, whether she will forgive me;" said Ida, in an imploring tone; for while in her alarm, she had not noticed what Agatha had previously said to her, when going home with her.

Ida, with Magdalen, took their way to the castle. The traces of grief were yet evident on her countenance. Luckily, the Lady of Muhlen had with her, that evening, a numerous company; and the care of the children was entrusted to a careful child's-maid. This girl was now running about over the whole village, searching for Ida; and had in vain sought her on the road behind the corner of the castle garden.

"Do not be angry with me, Annette," said Ida; "I am unfortunate enough already. Had I always obeyed Mamma's admonitions, the sad calamity which I have caused would never have happened. She has often reproved my indolence, and frequently told me that gracious Heaven would, sometime chastise me for it. Ah, she was right, my good mamma,

for now I have found it so. This day I have been punished for my thoughtlessness that cast her lessons to the wind."

"Certainly! This misfortune would not have overtaken you, had you still been busy with your doll, or after throwing your feather ball, had occupied yourself in sewing or knitting; but you prefer racing about all day, and playing with the girls, who teach you more harm than good. You are now grown too tall for your parents to allow you to be always playing. Give it up! or people everywhere, will call you naughty Ida!"

"Hush! Hush! dear Annette. It *shall* be given up. I will stay with you; and I will never let you search for me again, a whole evening. Now you are angry with me for that only—is it not so?"

"Certainly! I am tired to death with day labour and running about the village. What would your mamma say? she might, probably, have called me, while I was seeking you; and now I may be scolded."

"No, No! good Annette. I will acknowledge all."

Next day Ida awoke early. She requested Annette to help her dress, and after performing her morning devotions, hastened to old Agatha. She had saved the sugar from her own coffee, for the poor patient; she made up her fire, and warmed a cup of milk. She said—"my good Agatha, I have this morning, prayed for God's forgiveness for the great offence which I committed last night, against you. Although I have not been purposely and intentionally guilty, yet the sad accident is a consequence of my habits

of indolence, and of my culpable levity, which had scarcely allowed me to heed the previous frequent admonitions of my good mother. I have adored my Heavenly Father, and prayed him to keep me to fulfil his commandments truly, and to renounce the failings of my own heart. But I come now to you too; and beg you also to pardon me. Heaven has witnessed the tears, I shed last night. Ah, what an injury I have done you! Oh! I can never be at peace again till I obtain your pardon, and till you again feel kindly towards me."

The good woman assured the weeping girl, that she had last night, from her heart, forgiven her; but said, "we are aware that God has given his promises to those who take heed to keep the good counsels of their mother in their hearts and to live according to them." And then the aged Agatha reached her hand to Ida, who was standing by her bedside, and begged her to quiet herself and to dry her tears, after which Ida became calm again.

"Good Agatha," said she, soon afterwards, "I have another request. Grant me that also. Let me keep your school for you, and I will take good care of your little children."

"No, no! my child—that I will not grant, you must not give yourself that trouble," replied Agatha; "I have yet some few groats remaining. People must lay up some needful pence. I can well live on that, while I am obliged to lay here, and then the idea comforts me, that a gracious Providence will not forsake me, if my illness continues longer than I expect. He has compassion upon the miserable; and

he has very often already, helped me through life. The truth of his promises I have often experienced—when the need is the greatest, God's help is the nearest."

"Mamma has told me that too; but I beg you to permit me to make myself in some measure, useful to you, to have set right whatever I have wronged you. Allow me to be the teacher of your little children, and if you are not satisfied with me, you can send me away."

The aged Agatha could not resist the entreaties, which continually became more pressing; and she finally yielded. Then Ida deemed herself happy, that she could render service to the poor woman. She betook herself immediately to the parson, in order to inform him and to beg him once more, to intercede with her mother to pardon her; as she knew that kind as her mother always was, she had cause, on this occasion to dread her severity.

The minister was heartily delighted with the honourable behaviour of little Ida, in the reparation of injuries, so far as she could make them good again; and he put himself immediately in the way to fulfil his promises.

The Lady of Muhlen was not a little surprised at receiving a visit, so early in the morning, from the preacher. The cause was soon related to her, and her maternal heart thrilled with deep emotion. She came over, with the preacher, to make Agatha a visit in his company. This vented the very deep sympathy, which she felt for the suffering Agatha; and also the longing to see her Ida, and to talk to her about the deplorable accident, from which she wished, and from the

preacher's representations dared to hope confidently, that it might make a deep impression upon her daughter's mind that would prove salutary during her whole life.

Ida sat in old Agatha's large easy chair, with a gravity that, dear children, would have made you laugh. She had a big staff in her hand, upon which she leaned from time to time, and which, as the chair rocked, enabled her to move her position. She was engaged in teaching the children, who were standing in a row before her, their lesson.

After her mother and the preacher had for a few moments, listened unobserved, they knocked at the door. As the mother entered, Ida, the little school-mistress, flew to her arms, with tears in her eyes. "I know it all my child," said the mother; "but I will forgive you, though you are the cause of harm that sorely grieves both you and me. Had you always readily obeyed my injunctions to industry, this misfortune would never have happened to you. Idleness causes many bad practices, and is invariably followed by mischief. Remember that as long as you live,"

The Lady of Muhlen then approached the sick woman and proved her humane sympathy in the sad fate that befel her, and assured her, that so far as it lay in her power she would endeavour to recompense every injury.

"Oh, gracious Lady," replied the good woman, I have already to day found recompense enough from your little Ida. If you only knew how much anxiety she has caused herself since yesterday about me!—I have been moved to tears."

"People do no more than their duty my good Agatha when

they endeavour to make good whatever harm they may have occasioned" replied Ida's mother.

Ida now asked her mother to consent to her keeping the school for old Agatha. "See Mamma I shall always be with her, whenever she may need any thing."

Her mother assented; and Ida remained now with pleasure forty long days in renouncing all plays. For the same purpose she allowed herself no expenses; nor did she once visit her fishes, which had been hitherto her chief delight; she employed herself all day with her pupils, and felt herself more happy and contented than she had ever been before. You cannot imagine all that she did for old Agatha. Ida became thoroughly penitent for her former indolence; and gradually she took pleasure in all occupations. She turned every hour to some profit; while she did not teach, she was almost constantly by Agatha's sick-bed. Besides they allowed her to give instruction to the neighbours; and she made therein, to the delight of her pupils and her mother, the most flattering progress. About the end of summer, the Lady of Muhlen left the country seat; and Ida now again went to the city school. But who can describe the agreeable surprise of the teacher and scholars, as Ida distinguished herself to great advantage amongst her schoolmates, by her attention and industry. She neglected the help of her friend Jane; and allowed herself to whisper no more in school, about any thing; and when the spring returned she did not wish to go away to the country seat; but earnestly besought her mother to leave her in the city, so that she

might attend school, without interruption and retrieve what she had previously neglected. On the day of examination, when prizes were to be awarded to the most diligent of the scholars, Ida received a very elegant one. That was a joyous day for Ida; and in the course of a few years, she had become a very intelligent girl. Her mother pressed her to her heart; and the tear of joy that glistened in her eye, showed what she then felt.

Ida was extremely happy in bringing with her to the good old Agatha, who was now again fully recovered, and with her former diligence kept her school and taught the elder girls in the adjoining village, the prizes; and displayed to her the needle-case, which she had received at the distribution. Agatha examined the contents of the case—the needles of different sizes, admired the small and large scissors, which were splendidly polished, a silver thimble, with a gilded shield, on which Ida's name was engraved, and the variety of sewing threads—white to stitch seams with, and red for stitching letters. Tears of joy suffused old Agatha's eyes, as she congratulated her upon the elegant contents of the case; but still more on account of the excellent girl, who held in her hands the prize, the honourable reward of her diligence, and with a calm voice she said—"God preserve you my child; I can do no more than pray for you."

"I heartily thank you good Agatha. I will always remember your words," replied Ida.

Ida never neglected the good old Agatha. She supported her until her death. Her savings belonged not wholly to her.

self; they belonged to old Agatha. What she saved was regularly in the last days of Autumn handed to Agatha to support her through the winter, in which the good old lady needed more rest, and could not impart instruction to the neighbours, while the days were not only very short but darker; and though aged people's eyes in day time would not have failed them, yet in the winter they would be dim and the teaching of needle work would be much more difficult.

Ida thenceforth became a very amiable young lady: by all beloved and by God blessed.

THE SECOND TALE.

THE TABLE.

IN a wild solitude stood a small hut. It was built of sandstone and thatched with reeds. A family consisting of a father, mother, and three children lived in this wretched structure, which seemed intended for the habitation of beasts rather than of human beings. Its floor was of the same hard neath-ground that lay around the hut. Opposite the door was a kind of chimney, wherein hung a chain ending in a nook, on which was suspended an iron kettle, the only cooking utensil which the inhabitants of the hut possessed. In this kettle Catherine Woodman, the mother, cooked for her husband and children their simple meals, which almost throughout the whole year consisted of potatoes, soaked in rancid lard; and which, morning and evening were eaten out of wooden platters. It was truly a wretched meal, and each one ate by himself, in some nook of the hut, sitting on a wooden block, without speaking a single word to each other. Compare dear children, your dinner with this miserable and dismal meal; you, with your parents, and with your bro-

thers and sisters, sit around the same table, talking kindly to each other, and often carry on an useful conversation. Of the better food which is provided for you I need not speak. Oh be thankful, children, to the great Giver of all good, and know well, that the good God takes notice how we receive benefactions from his hands. To rescue a family out of so deep a misery as I tell of, is more than human aid can accomplish; there God must help, and he does help frequently through very insignificant means, to which man would think no special efficacy could be duly ascribed.—We shall observe this in the Woodman family. But let me first make you better acquainted with them.

The father of this family knew no other way of supporting himself and them, than to solicit alms of his fellow beings in the hamlets and towns of that district. Early in life, he betook himself, with the beggar's sack on his back, to the little towns in the surrounding country; and afterwards established himself at a stand upon a bridge, where he begged of passing travellers. His wife took their daughter Kate, and both the boys, John and Joseph, with her, and stationed herself near a church, which was daily visited by the pious, whom, as they issued from the church, she and her children beset, to extort a gratuity, and continued to entreat them, until they would bestow something. It was a standing order, that they should never turn back, even though a person had the ninth time refused them; and woe to him, who came back empty handed. If, at night, the amount obtained was not satisfactory to the mother, the children would be dreadfully flogged

and overwhelmed with curses and abusive epithets. It was a horrifying sight, to look upon such a scene. Such treatment seemed calculated to stifle every better feeling in the children's nature. The deplorable result so proved it. The poor children were by such punishments rendered at length quite stupid, and even in a measure so hardened by the beatings, that, if they were not too severe, they neither cried aloud nor shed a tear.

All affection was, however, not stifled within them. John, the younger of the boys, took many a time the part of his sister, whom he particularly loved; but when Joseph was flogged, he troubled himself little about it. Indeed, for him, Joseph was almost as if not in the world. Consequently many a quarrel, ah, even frequent fights ensued between the brothers.

All events, in life, are closely connected with each other. One occurrence is the occasion of others. As already observed, the head of the family, Matthias Woodman knew no other means for supporting himself and his family except by begging. Necessity compelled him and also his children to practice it; and the child who brought the most home, was the one dearest to him. The only means in order to produce that effect, and make the child beg very earnestly, was flogging him. Matthias had also been treated in just the same way himself. The wretchedness of his children no longer affected him. What wonder that they had lost all attachment and love to their father; especially John and Kate, who were flogged the most by him, because they were less successful

in begging than their brother Joseph. He best understood how to beg, and had therefore the preference over his brother and sister, though he had the most faults of them all. As already mentioned, he loved neither his brother nor his sister; but he was envious of the friendship which existed between Kate and John, and yet he did nothing to gain an interest in the same feeling.

A single glance, at the several children, was sufficient to enable a person to appreciate the disposition of their hearts.

The form of Joseph's head was, from the chin upwards to the crown, a perfect oval. He had pale yellow cheeks, pale brown lips, a low forehead, deep sunken grey eyes, and black hair; which is peculiar to excitable natures. Imagine further, high shoulders and a flattened chest, and you will have a tolerably correct portrait of Woodman's eldest son.

His brother, on the contrary, was of large stature, a wide chest, broad shoulders, rather stout than slender, formed for great strength, which defied all fatigue. He had long silken chesnut-brown hair, which hung in curling ringlets. His forehead was high, his clear blue eyes direct in their glance, the fresh air of Nature had lent his cheeks a rose-red hue; the rapidity of his movements and the fluency of his speech,—all proclaimed a strong souled character, which was incompatible with falsehood and dissimulation.

The sister's character was indicated by the paleness of her sunken cheeks; one might see by her transparent skin and the dejected look of her eyes, that she was of a very

weakly constitution, whose preservation would require very careful tending. She might be compared to a flower torn from its stem, drooping and soon to fade; it was a wonder that, with her miserable living, she could even hold herself erect. The affectionate care, which she experienced from her brother John, rendered that wretched life somewhat more pleasant. He attended her every where, and after their scanty meal, even while hungry himself, was sure to divide with her, unsolicited and unasked, his own portion of bread, or give it to her entire. This good brother gave her not of his own superfluities, but he gave her of his own portion, and himself suffered for want of it; yet, as he was naturally strong, he preferred to endure hunger rather than that his sister should. He was also her defender against his brother; and, he frequently let his father's rage be spent upon himself, in order to ward it from his Kate; and strangers could never offend her with impunity.

For a long time, Kate had brought on herself reproofs from her mother, and beatings from her father. Catherine charged her daughter with dishonesty; she accused her of withholding and keeping back part of what she begged; and that she hid a part of it, and kept it for herself. Kate was hardened in falsehood; and John believed her to be innocent. But one day, as the brother and sister chased a traveller, and had drawn to a distance from their usual station, John observed that his sister quickly hid a piece of money under her jacket.

"Is it true then, Kate?" said the brother to the sister, after the stranger had gone away.

"What now? what is true?"

"That you do not give mother all that you receive, but secretly conceal some of the alms?"

"I! when did you see that?"

"When? this very moment."

"You dream."

"What? But I have certainly seen it; that you have hid something under your jacket."

"You know not what you say."

"Will you make me believe that I am blind? I know very well what I have seen; and I know what is honest and dishonest too."

"Now," retorted Kate, "if you are satisfied that you know it, go and bring me up, as Joseph would do, in order that I may get a flogging."

"Ah," said John, quite provoked by these offensive words, "speak not so to me; to me, who have received so many whippings on your account. It is very improper in you, it is not right that you hardly ever tell what you get, and that you selfishly keep it. I had always thought that you loved me; that you kept nothing secret from me, and that you confided every thing to me. But to think that I could bear to inform on you, well knowing that you would get a flogging; this is too hard! you know too, that such is not my habit."

"Will you too give me a scolding now?"

"A scolding? No, that I will not. Oh, Kate, you love

me not, as I love you. You do not deserve that I should love you so."

"Now, nothing hinders you; go and tell it to mother."

These last words brought the tears to John's eyes; but he concealed them from his sister by turning himself quickly round, in order to return to his mother. Kate supposed that he was very angry with her, and that she would be scolded by her mother.

"Now there you are, you cheat!" cried her mother, intending by these words to appeal to her conscience. "Have you got nothing this time, as usual?"

Kate stubbornly denied that she had obtained anything. But quicker than she could express the words, she received a severe blow; and the mother added to it the question—"have you now obtained that?"

Joseph, who had also seen the money, as Kate covered it, and who had apprized his mother of the deception, burst out into a laugh, and Kate grumbled to herself—"Now if this is all, I can bear it."

"You will get more yet you little serpent; only let your father get home at night time; and we will see whether you will continue to say you have got nothing. John you were present, will you not tell the truth?"

John turned full on his sister a glance which must have pierced her heart, but made no reply.

"You keep it back between you," cried Catharine, who stepped angrily towards John and aimed a blow at him.

At night time a horrible scene took place in the hut

Matthias alas had had an unlucky day. He was therefore very morose, and then a few words would suffice to put him in a humour to fall upon the poor children, As soon as the mother told him what had taken place, he took a thick rope and began to beat John awfully. John made scarcely any outcry, but the tears streamed down his cheeks, and after he had endured this horrible punishment, he said to his sister, "do you see how fully you may depend on me, and what I endure on your account?"

Now came Kate's turn—John turned away his face, so that he should not see what now was going on. But as he heard the first lash, he began to shudder—at the second blow the sweat stood in great drops on his face; the third struck his heart so forcibly that he could no longer restrain himself. He sprang up therefore and exclaimed, "father don't beat her, hold up, hold up" but the father did not heed him. John cried out again, "father beat me rather; I can endure it better than Kitty." "That we shall see" said the father, and with that Matthias grasped the rope doubled, and seized John again. John staggered at the first blow, but the blows were redoubled, and the poor child fell senseless to the ground. "What has seized on you?" screamed the mother with a piercing cry, "you have murdered him, he is dead," Matthias suddenly stood still at these exclamations. He held his hand before his eyes, as if endeavouring to recollect himself. "Dead! is he dead? who is dead?"

"Your child, wretch! only look," exclaimed his wife pointing to the ghastly countenance of the boy. "What a

calamity, what a calamity!" cried Woodman, in consternation; and remained motionless, covering his face with his hands.

Catharine laid John on a bundle of straw, and sprinkled his face with cold water. As she observed how he was wounded, her eyes filled with tears. She felt the deepest compassion for her poor child. She ceased not to endeavour to restore him to animation. Long did her exertions continue fruitless. At length poor John drew a long sigh and opened his eyes; but he almost immediately closed them again. After a while the colour began to return to his cheeks and lips, and he opened his eyes upon his mother.

"Do you know me, John?" asked his mother. But John did not answer; at last he said, "I will buy me a gun. Ah! what turns itself so quickly round under my feet? Oh, I cannot stand any more! I am falling, I am falling!" His head sank down and again he lost his senses.

Kate could find no utterance for the grief that she felt, as she saw her poor brother lying in a burning fever, and listened to his crazy speech. She went into the woods, in order to seek some herbs, and Joseph was this time willing to help her. It seemed as if he would endeavour to make good the injuries which he so often had done to his brother and sister.

They came back very soon, and made John a refreshing drink with which he could moisten his parched lips; but a physician, or any medical assistance, was not to be thought of.

Catharine and Kate watched the whole night through with John. Joseph laid himself down on some straw in a corner of the hut, but he slept little and unquietly; his conscience was to him a hard pillow. As for Matthias?—he passed the whole night in sighs and groans, and made on himself the bitterest reproaches, for his inhuman treatment of his child.

Woodman brought up his children as he himself had been reared; and just as his nearest acquaintances, who with him inherited this wilderness, mostly acted. That he resorted to such cruel punishments, was more through ignorance of his parental duties than because of a malignant disposition. This sad incident was a hard lesson to him; but it awakened reflection in his soul; and he began to think that he could well have applied a very different method in the rearing of his children, whereby they might have become useful and respectable.

So long as John lay sick, Kate was left with him in order to take care of him. She reproached herself much, and strove to earn his forgiveness by an obliging attendance upon him, and endeavoured to make him forget the pains he endured.

John, in the meanwhile, received her careful nursing with evident indifference. All his sister's anxiety to serve him appeared to vex rather than please him. Their former amiable intercourse had not been through his fault destroyed; the blame lay on his sister; and yet she had not expressed the slightest hint that could serve for an excuse.

"Will you take something," asked Kate every moment "Do you lay easy? will you have a drink? will you lay a little higher?"

"No," said the poor youth. "I lay quite well; I need nothing. Do you not know that I am very well in my suffering? Yes," said he low to himself, "the grief of the heart is much greater than the pain of the body; yes, much harder to bear."

Kate understood the reproof. She could no longer restrain her feelings; she grasped his hand, and bathed it with tears—

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "I understand I have been ungrateful John, my dear brother, and I have caused you great trouble; but be assured, I sorely repent it, and I will disclose the whole truth to you."

"I do not want you to do so—keep your secret to yourself; it cannot be good, or you would not have concealed it from me so long."

"Oh John say not so; but I have fully deserved it; tell me will you not again love your own sister?"

John was reconciled by her penitence, and reached her his hand.

"You are very good John! Ah now again I am happy—come let me now tell you all. You have truly said that I have back money from time to time, but John be not angry, hear me, let me first speak. You know the Weldners who live at the edge of the forest? They are just as poor as we are; and their family is larger than ours; but they are not so

wretched, and that is to say a great deal. Every time I go over to their cabin at meal-time, I hear them speaking affectionately to each other, they give each kind words, which is in poverty a comfort, as you have always told me when I have been sorrowful; the father and mother lovingly kiss the children at times, and the children speak trustingly to their parents. With us it is so desolate and gloomy. I have many a time watched and tried to learn by what means they are so much happier than we are, but I could not ascertain it. At last I heard them one day, as I went over there, speaking kindly as is usual with each other; I drew nearer—Oh! dear brother what a difference between their mode of living and ours. Their hut and their victuals are no better, but they eat together at one table, not as we do, each in his own corner. There sat the father, and mother, and five children, around the same table; and the father divided out the soup, and attended first to his children and then to his wife and himself; as if they would rather suffer hunger themselves than that their children should. They were sitting close to each other, and talking so kindly, and all in a good humour. When I think on that picture which I once saw in the church, where the Lord Jesus with his disciples sit together at a table, I am very much of the opinion that people in order to be happy must love each other, and that to work, eat and pray with each other, must be something very beautiful. From that day on I have not been able to think of any thing else, than by what means we could obtain a table, like Weldner's

have; and therefore I have secretly saved something. Now John, tell me whether I have done wrong?"

A better instructed child would directly have answered this question:—"Certainly you have; because you have from the first acted falsely and deceitfully towards your parents—and lies and deception are both wicked; and even if you had effected something good thereby, yet you would have committed a great sin.

But John did not know this much—the poor youth had learned nothing of that sort—and he exclaimed immediately. "A table! that is something grand in a family—we must have one." He straightened himself to his full length; and after considering awhile said "yes but where can we get one?" After a pause he proceeded—"Father would ask, 'whence came that table?' and when he discovered in what manner it was procured, it would cost us very dearly."

"I have thought of that already—but I will bring over the old table of the Weldners, and give them the money for a new one. The Weldners can then say that we got the old table from them."

"But will father believe that?"

"The table is so old, that it will soon tumble to pieces; and the Weldners will be willing to say that they gave it to us, because I, once in a while, have taken care of their babe."

"Yes; he may believe that; but now the money, where are you to get that?"

"I think I have enough already, and that the Weldners will not charge much for it, for they are about to buy a new

one; I gave it to them this morning already, and will fetch the table when father and Joseph are gone out."

The next day Matthias, Catharine, and Joseph were not a little surprised at seeing a table standing in the middle of the hut, and on the table a wooden dish for each, all neatly cleaned, and tin spoons handsomely scoured until they shone bright. John and Kate had been busy about this all day, clearing up the hut and putting it in order. They were very glad when they had finished; they looked around delighted, and could not satisfy themselves in viewing such a treasure as the half worm-eaten table.

"Well, well! what does this mean?" said Matthias, contracting his eye-brows; "how came this table here?"

Kate answered with a bold unconcern which she had studied to acquire during the day, and which showed that she did not feel it difficult to tell a falsehood; "I have obtained it from the Weldners because I have often taken care of their babe."

Woodman went immediately there, for the purpose of inquiring more closely into the matter, and to ascertain whether Kate had told the truth. Weldner had made a profit by the sale, and this induced him to confirm Kate's statement. Woodman came back again quite satisfied, and set himself down at the table.

The beneficent effect of this new comfort did not immediately become evident; but after a few days, one could perceive more cordiality among the members of the family, they felt themselves more social with each other, while they

could take their dinner much more conveniently. After some weeks a degree of pleasant conversation became habitual to them. They began to inquire of each other about this and that, to relate the occurrences of the day, and to tell each other what they had heard and seen. They felt happier, and the children especially were more sprightly; even the parents spoke in kinder accents, when they talked to the children; and thus, imperceptibly to each other, a better spirit was felt in the hut, which not only seasoned their scanty fare, but also exerted a wholesome influence on all their conduct. Even old Woodman, at length, deemed it unbecoming to sit himself at the table without uttering a prayer; and that soon became a habit, which never was the case with them before, that they prayed the Giver of all good for their daily bread, and in humble gratitude thanked Him for his gifts, and thus the family were brought to offer up their daily morning and evening prayer. This new and becoming custom was a source of comfort to them all, they felt more closely united to each other; and in a word, the change that visited their circle exceeded all expectation; a change that depended not on wealth, but which poverty could attain, because any person may enjoy happiness who believes in God, observes his word, and keeps his commandments. The fear of God is the fountain of every virtue; and constitutes the greatest treasure that people can enjoy here on earth. It is true that the Woodman family were not arrived at this goal; but they had entered on the direct path to attain it.

Matters were in this condition when an unforeseen occur-

rence took place, which made it to be feared that this family might fall back into their former condition.

Woodman usually spent his evenings with his family, as a prudent man should do ; he seldom visited the taverns, where the people of his sort collected together to drink occasionally . a glass would be offered to him if he happened to enter them, but then he scarcely tasted it. As the use of brandy was not a habit, it excited him the sooner ; if he once forgot himself, glass quickly succeeded glass, until he became completely intoxicated.

Weldner often sought company of this sort, but rather for the sake of conversation than drinking.

It happened, sometime after the partial recovery of John's health, that Weldner, returning home with a full sack, met Woodman in the road walking along moodily, with his head bowed down and appearing as downcast as his neighbour was cheerful. Yet instead of sharing any of his alms with him, Weldner invited him to take something to warm himself.

"Hey day!—Matthias!" said he, as he clapped him on the shoulder, "you run away from a neighbour without bidding him good-day."

"So it is you Peter! I did not see you."

"Why so cheerless, my neighbour?"

"Oh, dont talk of it, I have had a bad day; three kind hearted people have not passed by me."

"Now, don't take it so to heart; to-morrow may be lucky

or you. Come with me, and drink something to banish your cares."

"I thank you Peter, but I cannot go with you; my wife and children are waiting for me."

"Now, let them wait a little, for once; to drink one glass will not hurt you."

"That is true," said Matthias, and he allowed himself to be coaxed to go with Peter. They began to relate the various events of the day; and one glass was drunk after another, till they soon seemed to have lost their reason. Weldner, especially, laughed and talked loudly. He seemed utterly to forget where he was, and began to make various remarks upon Woodman. "He is a very good man, but his children do what they please with him."

As Matthias heard his name mentioned, it excited his attention, and he endeavoured to understand it correctly.

Weldner began to relate how he had bartered an old rotten table with Woodman's children for a new one; and how they had deceived their father.

"But are you quite sure of all this?" inquired Woodman.

"Oh, am I sure of my own business?—it is really my own old table that they bought."

Weldner still went on babbling, till at last his head sank on the table and he went to sleep.

Woodman became much excited, and in a rage, shook Weldner by the shoulder, and asked him "who did that?—John or Kate?"

The sleeper answered, but unintelligibly.

"Now, I will find it out," said Woodman, and he hastily left the tavern.

In the hut sat the family around the old table, lighted by a lamp. Kate and her mother were mending their ragged clothes, John worked at a net with which he expected to catch fish, while Joseph interwove twine for bird-catching. Once, each of them would have passed the time in idleness, or in strolling about the forest; but now they not only sat together at meal time around the table, but when the dishes, plates, and spoons were removed, they seated themselves again around it; they talked confidentially with each other, and employed themselves in something useful. The mother and her children felt themselves more intimately united to each other; and John and Kate, particularly, felt happier than ever. Concord and peace prevailed among them; the spirit of love was apparent in their words and actions,—in their kind looks and pleasant tones.

Matthias Woodman approached with rapid steps, and in a violent passion he opened and furiously slammed back the door.

Catharine was not a little frightened, as she beheld her husband entering the hut in this manner, and she dreaded that something terrible would take place. She trembled, but kindly said—"we have waited long for you, Matthias.—Will you take something?" Without answering his wife, Woodman ordered the table to be cleared.

"And for what?" asked Catharine.

"Because I will have it so," was the reply.

They obeyed, and when the table was empty, Woodman turning himself to Joseph, pointed to an axe that hung on the wall.

"Take that axe" he said, "and hew that table to pieces; the fire shall consume it."

"How! Would you burn our only table?" exclaimed the frightened mother.

John and Kate were greatly shocked, when they heard the fate that awaited the dear-bought table; and they, at once, anticipated what was in store for themselves. They hardly dared to breathe.

"Do what I command you," exclaimed Woodman to his eldest son.

"But Matthias," replied the mother once more, "why would you break our table to pieces? it is so useful, I think we can hardly do without it any more."

"Obey, Joseph, do what I have ordered you."

Joseph cast an inquiring look at his mother;—she bent down her head and was silent. Joseph clearly perceived that he must obey. He took the axe off the wall, and the fragments of the table flew asunder from each other. Three heavy sighs burst from three yearning hearts as the blows descended; it was to them as if upon themselves.

"Ah, that table has made us always so happy!" sighed Catharine—and two large tears ran down her pale cheeks.

Joseph unfeelingly continued the work that he had begun, and when he had finished it, the old table presented a sad

spectacle. The father, by a gesture, ordered him to throw the pieces into the fire. Joseph obeyed, and Kate, unable longer to restrain herself, burst out into loud weeping.

Trembling with rage, Matthias stood up and threw a fearful glance upon John and Kate.

"You wicked children, you have been disobedient and deceitful to me. I know all. I got from Weldner what I know I will teach you how I shall punish thieving and dishonest children. Which is the guilty of you two?—I will know it—I will—do you understand me?"

Kate and John were both silent.

"You will not speak; I will soon make you," and at that moment he seized a leg of the table which had not yet caught the flames, and raised it in his hand.

As Kate perceived this, she threw herself at her father's feet, and exclaimed, "Father, spare John; I alone am to blame."

The arm of Matthias was arrested. Catharine folded her hands and cast a supplicating look at her husband. She besought him to pardon her children. At last Joseph also came forward, and stepping before his father, exclaimed—"Father, do not punish them; I am much oftener disobedient. Beat me rather, for I have frequently deserved it."

These words, unexpected from the unamiable Joseph, affected Woodman so much, that he threw the leg of the table away, and without uttering a word hastened into the adjoining woods. His wife heard him sobbing as he was going out.

John, in the meanwhile, had seized his brother's hand, and cordially embracing him, said—"That was brave of you I shall ever, ever remember it."

"Yes, that was indeed noble on your part," added Kate grasping his other hand; "henceforth I will love you dearly because you have acted thus."

'As much as you love John?' inquired Joseph.

"Yes, just as much," rejoined the mother, "if you love her as much—you have but one sister—brothers, you must protect and defend her throughout your whole lives."

"Will you be of a warm heart towards me?" said Joseph, looking inquiringly towards John and Kate.

"Yes, certainly," answered both, "you are our brother."

That was a delightful moment. Joseph was from this time forward taken into the covenant of love. The three were from this hour of one heart and one soul. The mother was rejoiced by their fraternal affection, and thanked the Lord for this happy hour, which she still distinguishes as the brightest she had ever known to gild her poverty.

An hour afterwards, Woodman came back. He appeared to have been much affected. He acted as if nothing had occurred. Each followed his example, and nothing was said of what had taken place.

The whole family returned to their former manner of living. John, in consequence of his illness, was exempted from the family employment of begging.

Eight days had passed, when Matthias, thoughtfully said "come let us go to the table."

His wife pointed him out some half burnt splinters, that lay around the hearth.

"Ah, that is true . . . let us say nothing about it," replied Woodman. The next day, of his own accord, he said, "A table is indeed a useful thing in a family;"—and the third day he regretted that each of them must again sit, with his wooden plate, in a corner; and then said that it was really a duty to provide a table, so that they could all sit together. On the next day he proposed that they should begin to lay up so much as would buy a new table.

John did not beg yet, but he went out daily and came home only an hour before the others. What could he have been doing abroad? You shall learn.

One day as the father was about entering his hut he stopped, in surprise, at the door. "A table!" said he, "and all new too!—Where did that come from?"

"Fear nothing, father; no deception sticks to it this time.—I have made it myself," returned the cheerful voice of John.

"And how did you get the wood?"

"I bought it with money that I have honestly earned."

"Are you then a carpenter?"

"Not yet, father; but if you would permit me, I would with pleasure learn to be one. I like the trade, and would much rather get my bread by it than by begging."

"You are right, John," sighed Woodman, "I would also have preferred a trade; but my father would not allow it. He begged, and he would make me also be a beggar."

"Well, father, will you permit your children to learn some trade. Our neighbour will take me without a fee, and teach me the carpenter's trade; and his wife will with pleasure teach Kâte to sew."

"And what will become of me?" asked Joseph—"Shall I alone get my bread by begging, while you earn yours by honourable means?"

"Well, you can find a trade for yourself too; do not be discouraged," replied John; "in three years, we can both earn our living, and maintain our parents. Then we will turn our hut into a neat cabin, wherein we will all live affectionately together; for those are the happiest who live in mutual love; we have learned that at the old table."

They loitered not in good intentions merely. The three children began to work, and became true patterns of industry and sincere mutual affection; for where love dwells, there the Lord's blessings prevail. God was with them, so that they happily accomplished their plan throughout; and travellers, who in later years passed by the place, stood a moment to admire a simple dwelling, whose cheering aspect attracted their attention. Around the house stretched a large garden wherein all sorts of fruits of luxurious growth were cultivated and which was also adorned with various blooming flowers. The former wilderness is changed into a little paradise, in which the aged Matthias and his grey-haired wife happily passed their last days in the circle of their beloved children. They enjoyed the delight of beholding their children's prosperity increasing from year to year, and in seeing that industry and love bring only blessings to a home.

THE THIRD TALE.

THE CHINESE TENT.

On a bright October morning, Mrs. Werther went with her children into the garden. She sat down on a grassy bank, in order to watch them, and drew forth a book, while the children withdrew with their noisy conversation to a distance, in order that they should not disturb her. Each child amused himself in his own way. One was busied in knocking off hazelnuts, another pursued a butterfly that yet lingering fluttered around; another asked permission to pluck a couple of bunches of grapes; the fourth had entwined the last flowers of autumn into a nosegay, and the youngest played with a kid, which grazed around a tree to which it was tied.

After Mrs. Werther had read some time, she closed the book, and called her two eldest children who happened to be nearest to her.—“Come Henry, and Cecilia, call the other children; I will divide you your ten o’clock piece.” At her call came not only the elder ones, but also the little ones, Earnest, Caroline, and Augustus, ran eagerly to their mother,

who had opened the little basket wherein she had the cakes and fruit, which she was going to distribute among them.

Scarcely had Mrs. Werther finished, when an aged woman came by. She carried upon her back a load of wood which she had gathered in the forest.

"Good day!" exclaimed she to the family, as she passed.

"Good day, Mother Michelin!" replied the little group, as with one voice.

"How are you?" asked Mrs. Werther.

"How should I be," replied the old woman, "but as old people are."

"That delights me," said Henry, "because I had not expected that answer; you look so distressed."

"Mother Michelin is evidently tired," said Caroline.

"Oh, the fatigue signifies nothing, I don't mind that, dear Miss, we poor folks are use to it; but when trouble comes upon poverty, then two afflictions oppress us at once."

"And what new trouble have you then, dear mother?" sympathizingly asked Mrs. Werther.

"In a few months my son Theophilus must leave us, because he is a soldier; then we shall lose our chief support, as his father is put on half pay since his accident, and you know that we bring up four little children, one of whom has a lame arm; so that it is at no ordinary rate we have to work, and we have also with us our eldest daughter, who is a widow, with two children. Consider how much we need our son. If he went to the regiment that lies at Strasburg,

we might have him with us from time to time; but if they send him to Africa, we shall hardly ever see him again." *

After these words the old woman was obliged to wipe away the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

"But, dear mother, you must not anticipate affliction," said Mrs. Werther; "it is still very possible that your son may draw a high number; and as respects Africa, my brother has also been there this three years, and though he has been in several battles, he has got but one trifling wound. You must not think the worst to be most probable. Pray make yourself more easy; put your trust in God, who will in no event forsake you; people would give you now and then what would sustain you in case of need."

The consoling words of Mrs. Werther somewhat calmed old Mrs. Michelin.

"I will do that; come what will, I will follow your advice, and trust in God,"—and so the old woman departed. The children thought about their uncle; and after Mother Michelin had gone away—Henry inquired:—

"Mamma, will not uncle come back again?"

"I expect him my child; and hope that he will not be long from us; he has written to me that he would be with us by this time, and that he hoped to pass the New Year among us."

*The Militia, into which Theophilus was pressed, by law of that country drew lots or numbers; and those who drew the lowest numbers were first sent to the wars. The rest remained in barracks, and under training, till needed in the field.—EDITOR.

"Oh, that is fine!" cried Caroline, "then you, dear Cecilia, must teach me the little hymn that I promised uncle to rehearse on New Year's day."

"Oh, we shall certainly get beautiful New Year's presents then," observed Augustus; "when he left us, he gave me a huzzar, and said, 'you must be a brave soldier when you grow big;' but, mamma, I hope you will not be sorry, as old Mrs. Michelin is, when I shall go away to the camp."

They laughed at the brave little fellow, and asked many other questions, as the children could not hear enough concerning the captain, their good uncle, whom they loved with their whole hearts.

The wind came blowing strongly, and strewed innumerable shrivelled leaves about, and the dust blew into the children's eyes.

"We had better go back into the house," said the mother.

"What a pity that it is cold so early," spoke up Cecilia, "we always sit so pleasantly under the trees."

"Ah, if an arbor stood here!—that would be pleasant," said Augustus.

"An arbor! Yes, that would protect us much from the winds; but not from the rains. I wish that a little garden-house stood here," responded Ernest.

"Ah, yes, that would be nice," they all exclaimed, and Henry added—

"Or a Turkish tent, with a gilded ball, and a half moon, and copper arrows, like Mr. Chamant's tent, in which we

saw the Persian carpets and silk hangings, a Divan, with cushions, and crystal-coloured candle-sticks."

"Oh, how beautiful that must have been! ah, I wish I had also seen that," said the younger ones.

"Let it be as handsome as it may," said Cecilia, "I would give the preference to a Chinese tent."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly, it is still handsomer."

"How does it look then?"

"It is square, and of porcelain—at least the temples and villas, in China, are so built; among ourselves, people must cover the mason-work with coloured earthenware, the roof with yellow copper plates, and on the ridge of the roof set up a gilded dragon, and dispose little tin bells around the top; the doors and windows must be of red, blue, yellow, violet, and green glass. The interior must also be arranged in the Chinese taste. On the floor must be spread a matting of the finest straw; and on that matting must be painted some Chinese Mandarins, clothed in long red robes, with a pipe in the mouth, and a cup of tea in the hand of each; also young ladies with tiny small feet, under the shade of very large umbrellas, held by slaves over their heads, interspersed with birds, flowers, and insects."

"And how shall the furniture be?" asked Caroline.

"Well lackered," replied Cecilia.

"Ah, that must be beautiful," exclaimed Ernest and Augustus.

"Beautiful and elegant," added Henry; "then we, with

our drawing books, and you with your embroidery, would sit in it; and we could read and practice music, whatever the weather might be.—Oh, mamma!” said he, immediately turning himself towards Mrs. Werther, who was silently listening to them, “don’t you think Cecilia’s notions the prettiest?”

“I think they are very pretty; but I also think they are not practicable.”

“And why not, mamma?” asked the children, as their mother stood suddenly still.

“Children,” replied the mother hurriedly, I think that I hear the tramping of a horse—if that, indeed, is your uncle!”

“Oh, that shall be joy for us,” exclaimed the children.

At once he was before them; all that had filled their thoughts was forgotten, and the children hurried along the alley to the house, rejoicing in the anticipation of seeing their beloved uncle.

They arrived at the steps, and saw through the open window that an officer, in a Jager’s (hunter’s) uniform, had entered the room; and in the next moment they threw themselves in his arms, joyfully shouting—“Uncle! dear uncle, dear uncle.”

“I was not mistaken then,” said Mrs. Werther, who had in the meantime entered the room, and with open arms hastened to her beloved brother.

The captain was exceedingly delighted to find his sister

and little nephews and nieces well and active, and felt himself very happy in being again among them.

One morning, the captain, Mrs. Werther, and the children took a walk in the garden. Scarcely had they reached the spot where the conversation had taken place about the Chinese tent, when this pretty idea was again started by them.

"Oh, mamma, if only a tent stood here," cried the children.

"But, dear children, what a sum of money such a thing would cost! besides, I had to allow so many repairs to be done this year, that my bank cannot afford the expenses of new buildings."

"How much do you think that a Chinese tent would cost?" inquired the captain.

"At least, fifteen hundred francs."

"But do you know to a certainty, mamma?" asked the children.

"I know it quite certainly, for I have calculated it all."

"Then mamma was quite right; our plan is not to be approved, as it would be folly to lay out so much money for pleasure;" observed the elder children.

After that nothing more was said about the tent

New Year's night at length arrived. Besides the presents which the children had prepared, and with which they wished to surprise their mother, they determined also to gratify their beloved uncle.

It was a custom in the Werther family, that the children should on St. Sylvester's eve receive their presents. Henry and Cecilia got each a watch, Ernest a writing-desk with all things needed in writing, Caroline a book case, with some beautiful books, and Augustus several small puppets.

The children were in ecstasies about their beautiful presents. With unbounded delight they viewed them, and showed them to each other.

As the captain entered the room, the children hastened to meet him and bestow their presents. The boys gave him drawings which they themselves had made; Cecilia, a night-cap and a pair of slippers of her own making, and Caroline recited to him the little poem which she had committed to memory, and in which she promised to love her uncle and to be very diligent, and hoped to be able soon to work him something very beautiful.

"Now comes my turn," said the captain, and he laid down a sum, in gold pieces, on the table for the children. They did not however presume to take so large a present.

"Now, my dear children, don't you long to count your Napoleons?"

"In fact," answered Mrs. Werther, almost at the same time, with the children,—“that is too much!—What would you wish them to do with it should they take that much?”

“Why, what they please; and I think that they intend it for a Chinese summer house.”

“That is too much, dear brother!”

“No, my dear sister, for three years I have given them

nothing—and who knows whether it is not the last time they shall get any thing from me?"

These last words reminded them of poor Mother Michelin's anxieties; but the pleasures of the moment soon effaced this sad recollection.

In the middle of January, the captain again left them. He directed his nephews and nieces to begin very early in the spring to build their Chinese tent, in which, when he would return, he hoped to take breakfast with them.

This year the spring commenced very early, so that in the middle of March they could begin to build the tent. It was about the time that military duties called the youth away. Their departure fell accidentally on the same day on which Mrs. Werther's children had directed the workmen to begin to build the tent. The master mason had prepared every thing, and was impatiently waiting on his neighbour, the carpenter, who had not attended at the appointed time. At last he made his appearance.

"We have long waited for you, neighbour," said the master.

"Yes, but that is old Michelin's fault."

"How so?"

"Just now, the poor man is so distressed by the news, that his son has drawn so low a number, and his wife is dying with grief, because they must lose their son, who is their only support. He fell down senseless before my work-shop; they carried him into the house, and he revived again as I came away."

"T is truly a great loss to their family; Theophilus is an excellent youth, and a valuable labourer."

"It is unfortunate, but it cannot be helped."

"Yes it could, if he could get another to go in his place."

"Well, but where to find one? the substitute would demand about two thousand francs."

"I am certain that the basket-maker's nephew would gladly do it for fifteen hundred francs."

"Fifteen hundred francs?" exclaimed the children, who had with interest, listened to the conversation.

"Yes indeed," replied the carpenter; "but the Michelin's have not one in their house."

"Now young gentlemen, and ladies, we shall go on with the work."

"No, not just yet," replied Cecilia.

"What now, you were so anxious to have it begun."

"We must first speak to mamma," replied Henry.

"We have spoken to your mamma already," replied the carpenter.

"That is no matter; never mind, we will bring you an answer soon."

"What have the little folks now in their minds?" said the mason to the carpenter, as the children withdrew themselves, and both the men, much displeased, returned to the village.

The result of the consultation was soon made known.

The children gave up the building of their Chinese tent. Theophilus remained with his family. The basket-maker's

nephew became his substitute, and received the fifteen hundred francs.

Six months afterwards, their uncle, the captain, returned home, and again visited his beloved sister and her children. He immediately looked for the Chinese tent, and seemed much disappointed that they had been so slow to complete that which they had so eagerly wished for. But when he ascertained the cause why the building of the tent had been delayed; he embraced the good children and said, "I am much pleased that you have made so good an application of your New Year's present."

THE FOURTH TALE.

THE LITTLE SPANISH GIRL.

Mr. Hearty, the merchant, had a delightful garden outside of the city, and his children were never happier than when their parents took a jaunt with them thither. Their thoughts were occupied with the pleasures which there awaited them. They started every morning, rejoicing, to school, in order to study diligently and learn; so that they might have time after school hours to their own innocent enjoyments quite undisturbed. This beautiful garden supplied them with all sorts of fruits; there they were allowed to pluck strawberries and currants, collect flowers and bind them into nosegays; there they had their own little plantation and the necessary garden implements, such as spades, hoes, shovels, and rakes; and they could properly use them.

Bertha, and Charles, for thus were the children called, never neglected to take with them little baskets, wherein to keep whatever they plucked; and when they started for the garden, they left the elder folks fully a hundred yards behind





them—so great a speed did their desire to get to the garden add to their steps.

One evening, when the sultry heat of the day had been considerably moderated by a heavy rain, the atmosphere was redolent with the fragrance of blooming hawthorns and wild roses; the flowers which had drooped and bent in the glowing sunshine, raised up their heads and shed heavy trembling drops from their cups.

The two children were glad that now the dust flew no more into their eyes, and they rushed onwards, in order to reach their garden, and witness how revived and fresh were their daisies after the refreshing shower. Their joy was soon dispelled. At the entrance of the garden they found a little girl sitting, who was weeping bitterly. A covered basket stood beside her on the ground, and she leaned her head on her hand, her elbow being on her knee.

“What ails you, poor little girl?” immediately inquired Bertha.

“Oh, I am much afflicted,” she answered.

“And for what? pray tell us; perhaps we may be able to comfort you.”

“I have been going around with this little basket, to try to sell my waffles to the passers by, we wanted something to eat in the evening; but the rain fell so heavily that all the people retired, and I have not sold a groat’s worth. What will my mother say?”

“O she will surely not scold you, seeing it is not your fault.”

"Yes, Miss, but then we must go to bed supperless."

"No, no, that must not be ; you shall not go to sleep without eating, I have some change in my pocket, which you shall have ; but wait, wait now : there is more help for you."

And upon this the good child ran in all haste to her parents, in order to tell them about the little trader girl, and to entreat them to console her.

Mrs. Hearty went immediately, at her little daughter's solicitation, and very readily bought the whole basket of waffles.

The expressive countenance of the girl, her genteel dress, and above all, her respectful behaviour excited towards her a peculiar interest. Mrs. Hearty addressed some questions to her concerning her parents, and their residence. The child now related, while tears suffused her eyes, that her parents were unfortunate exiles, who had to flee from their home, in Spain.

As it was almost night, the little girl gratefully thanked her benefactors, and took her leave of them, fearing that her parents might be anxious about her.

"Come again to-morrow, my dear child !" said Mrs. Hearty,—“we shall be very glad to buy something of you then.”

"I will be so happy," replied the girl, "accept my thanks for your goodness."

When Bertha came to the house, she was still thinking about the little Spanish girl.

"Ah ! Mamma, I thank you. that you have given some.

thing to the poor child. Now she and her parents have something to eat to-night. How beautifully she spoke, did she not? and how well she knew how to behave herself politely. But did you not observe too, how ragged her clothes were; but it is evident that they were made of costly materials; her parents must have been very wealthy people."

"You see, my child, that even wealthy people may become poor."

Bertha dreamed the whole night of the little Theresa, for such was the name of the little Spanish girl.

Hardly had the morning beams brightened her pleasant bed-chamber, when up she started, and began to search for some garment or other in her wardrobe, that she could spare, wherewith to clothe the little Spanish girl. Earlier than usual she betook herself to school, in order to relate to her schoolmates her interview with Theresa.

The school had not yet commenced. All her little friends surrounded her and assailed her with innumerable questions. Their curiosity still increased, and in order to gratify them, she proposed that they should be very attentive and diligent, so that their Teacher might permit them to take a walk with her that evening in the garden before the city, where she hoped they might become acquainted with the little Spanish trader.

But the good Bertha detained them too long—and during the intermission she hastened home, and asked her mother if she would not send the little Theresa to the school about the time it would be out.

All exerted themselves admirably. Theresa soon found herself in the midst of the school misses, with a basket full of waffles, which were sold in a few moments.

Joy beamed from the poor child's eyes. How glad she was, that her mother might have so much money to procure the necessaries of life. She could not answer the numerous questions put by the girls. She was an object of general wonder. She spoke so politely, behaved herself with such propriety, and was so genteel, judicious, and modest. She spoke French as fluently, accurately, and beautifully as if it were her mother tongue.

The school-mistress was also surprised at the lovely girl, and inquired after the condition of her family. Theresa answered with such freedom and sincerity, that the interest which they felt in her, still increased. The many things which she told of all the troubles, hardships, and sorrows, which she had to endure until she arrived in France, excited in all a wish that she would give a full and connected narration of her fate.

"Oh, tell us, tell us the whole story of your misfortunes," cried nearly all the girls together.

"I will first ask my mother, and if it is allowed me, I shall tell all that I can remember, to-morrow, when I shall have fresh waffles to carry round."

Theresa's mother had no objection that she should gratify the great interest in their fate, which these entreaties indicated. On the next day she began her narrative, for which they had waited with great impatience.

“My father once filled an important office; we resided in a magnificent palace, had splendid coaches, excellent horses, and many servants. In the time of the revolution, we were awakened in the night, by heavy raps on our door; and a servant, who was very devoted to papa, entered with the cry — ‘Master save yourself, they will take you to prison.’ My father sprang out of bed, threw his mantle about him, and followed the servant, who conducted him through a subterranean passage which led to the open country. Then the faithful servant returned for mamma, took my brother and me in his arms; ‘Follow me,’ said he to my mother; ‘my master is safe.’ Mamma wept, and we wept with her. ‘Hush, hush’ said he, in a low voice, ‘they may hear us.’ The brave fellow brought us to papa, who, weeping, locked us in his arms, as he had dreaded that people sought our lives. My brother and I trembled with the cold, and my father threw part of his mantle around us. Mamma was exceedingly grieved. We heard shouts and shots; we trembled, and were extremely alarmed. Suddenly a trap-door opened above us, through which the good servant sent us down our clothes, and with a rope he lowered to us a basket, with bread, and some pieces of beef. But we all lay huddled together, and papa said,—‘The good youth has, in his hurry, thought only of our hunger, and has forgotten that we may be thirsty.’ And truly we suffered more from thirst than hunger. Mamma would not eat, she did nothing but weep. Papa endeavoured to encourage her; and remarked to her that we were not yet lost. Finally she forced herself to take something. We lis-

tened every moment, always expecting that the trap-door would open once more, and the good servant reach us some water. Two long days we waited in vain. My father thought of nothing else than that our servant must have been murdered. When all was quiet again, my father resolved to leave our lurking place, and to seek out one of our tenants who resided in a mountain. This man was much attached to us, and therefore my father did not hesitate to take us to him. During the night we left our subterranean abode. My brother and myself were very glad that we could walk in the cheerful moonlight; but we soon became very tired, and papa was obliged to carry us turn about.

“A heavy rain unexpectedly fell, and we had nothing to protect us. Oh, dear children, you would have wept much more, if you had seen how we were wet through and through; shuddering with cold, on tedious paths that had become slippery, often stumbling, and sometimes falling as we groped our way. I heard the deep sighs of mamma, I was sure that she wept. I wept too, but none spoke a word. Oh, it was a sorrowful wandering.—Finally we reached our tenant’s farm—but think of our misfortune!—it was all burnt down; only some little corners of the barn remained standing, which served, by means of some boards, to make a temporary hut.

“My father rapped gently at the door; and with a palpitating heart the farmer hastened to answer it, still in dread of the robbers of the former night. Ah, you should have seen his astonishment and sorrow, when he beheld us all in that

wretched condition. My father told him what he had endured. His wife and daughter hastened to kindle a fire in order to dry us, as to changing our clothes there, that was not even to be thought of. A couch of straw was prepared for us immediately. The good people gave us two covers, which were all they had remaining. Our meal consisted of water-soup, which was seasoned with bacon. Oh, how delightfully that soup tasted to us! We were hungry and thirsty, and the broth allayed both.

"The band of robbers had stolen all the tenant's money, driven off his cattle, and swept away all he possessed, except what he must procure by labor. He was truly affected, that he now could not, in the least, assist his master. This man had formerly been a soldier, and knew, through the excursions in which he had to assist, all the paths of the mountains which to most people were unknown. He offered to go himself as our escort to the boundaries of France. After we had rested with him two days, we again began our journey, as my father was afraid that here he might soon be discovered. Fortunately the robbers had not taken with them the farmer's mule, which stood in a little stable.

"My brother and I were very sorry; it was painfully grieving to see our mother. She spoke little and wept much.

"Our way was, in a great proportion, along very narrow foot paths which were strewn full of stones. We came by very steep places, over deep abysses, but papa and the faithful guide held us fast on the mule. Mamma followed us. She held by one hand to father's mantle, and supported her-

self with the other on an old umbrella, which the farmer had given her in order to protect herself from the heavy rains. In the evening we reached a dwelling. Straw litter was our bed, our meal was black bread, and cheese that had been dried in the sun. A little goats' milk, not enough for all, our good mamma gave to us children.

"Never did we fare so well any other evening; after this we were obliged to content ourselves with shepherds' huts, where we got potatoes that had been cooked the preceding day, and a bit of moulded bread. But our good tenant always provided us with some water, which was a real refreshment to us. That hunger makes the poorest food palatable, dear children, I daily experienced in our journey; for we always deemed the most meagre fare excellent. Many a time we looked afar off, and sometimes at the places nigh us—unfortunates, that we were, to leave the land of our fathers! But we endeavoured to keep up steadily with our guide; he deemed it unsafe to hurry; his opinion was, that the larger the company, so much the more would we be in danger of being discovered. My dear mother seldom rode the mule, though her feet were all wounds. The good farmer bound them, every evening, with broad leaves; and every morning my good mamma felt herself something easier; but still the journey never entirely overcame her. I have not yet told you, that our guide often discovered people that would have seized us; on such occasions we did all we could not to excite their suspicion.

"One evening, our mule was so tired that he could hardly

move any farther. The day had closed, it soon became dark, and my brother and myself, were greatly alarmed. Papa neld each of us by the hand. We observed close by some shady trees, a man—we walked up to him; he was a poor old man. He did not move. At the first moment we thought he was dead. Papa remarked that he was a clergyman. ‘The poor unfortunate,’ said mamma, ‘hunger and the fatigue of travelling may have brought him to this condition.’ Upon this he moved his head. He appeared so miserable that the tears came into our eyes. We each gave him our hand, but we could hardly feel that he pressed it. Papa gave him some drops of water to drink, which he had in a flask, while the farmer hastened to a tavern, which luckily stood at a short distance, in order to fetch him goats’ milk.

“As soon as he had tasted something, he opened his eyes and reached papa his hand, to thank him. In his kind look, there appeared so much goodness of heart, that we felt the sincerest pity for this wretched man. Papa set him, with our guide’s assistance, on the mule; but the feeble old man could not hold himself up; papa was obliged to sit behind him, in order to hold him.

“I carried his staff and his book, my brother his cloak and a small bundle, which contained his little wealth. The meek old man seemed to wish to express his thankfulness towards us, for he often moved his lips, but he could not speak a single word. We came to the tavern. A good straw couch was immediately made for him; papa and mamma

watched the whole night by him, so that they might, every half hour, give him some milk. The next day he could stand on his feet and speak again, but so low that we could hardly understand him.

"Ah, if we had not then come, he would have surely died. And to die of hunger must be a horrible death !

"We kept the miserable man with us ; he could not thank us enough, as himself evidently signified. ' God has sent you to me,' he often said, ' in order to save my life.'

"I have forgotten to tell you, how sorry we were, when our tenant was obliged to leave us ; he pressed all of us by the hand, and wept with us ; yes, for the good man had saved our lives.

"We came afterwards to a very amiable lady ; who also was an exile fleeing away. Every day she shared with us her meal, and deplored that she was not rich, for then she would have gladly kept us with her. Our good priest got an inferior office in a convent, and shortly afterwards we reached Bordeaux.

"There our real misfortunes first began. Mamma was obliged to sell all her rings, papa his cloak, although it had been of great use to us, as it often served us at night for a covering."

At the mentioning of this sorrowful time, the tears flowed down Theresa's cheeks ; and the school girls also were not unmoved.

"We have lived about a year in this city ; when we came,

people told us that we would do better here; but mamma did not believe it.

"Immediately on our arrival, mamma was obliged to sell even the little that she still possessed. She parted with her ear-rings, so that she might get us something to eat. Papa and my brother cared no more to go out; they could not let themselves be seen abroad, because their clothing was in such a pitiable condition. However, my mamma found means to make them some pieces of clothing. While lingering at the market-place, my father observed a woman selling waffles. He often watched her to see how she worked the dough; and finally he was so lucky as to see how it was done, and then he told mamma how the dough must be prepared. But now we had no waffle-irons, nor a coal-pan, nor any coal. My dear mamma, drew the last ring she had off her finger, though it was a keepsake of my sainted grandmamma.

"Next day, we had all that was necessary. Papa immediately made the experiment. It succeeded; mamma undertook the employment, with the best success. I go about daily, in order to help mamma by selling the waffles. I generally sell about two baskets full. Before I buy, with the proceeds, the means of living, I first bring her the flour, sugar, and orange-flowers for the next day, and what waffles remain unsold always serve to support ourselves.

"See then, my dear children, what has befallen us, since we left Spain."

"Poor Theresa!" exclaimed many of the little Misses together "we will do something for you yet; come

every Thursday and Monday to us, with a basket-full of waffles."

Theresa extended her hand to the children, in token of her gratitude, and the poor child departed, evidently with a lighter heart.

When the girls next met, they consulted with each other about the means by which they might sustain this poor family. They resolved to solicit their mothers for pieces of clothing for Theresa and her mother, and every week to save of their pocket money four francs for her poor parents. This collection of money amounted at the end of the week to so much that the poor exiles received a franc each, at the least, daily from these children.

The school-mistress too, who most sincerely pitied the distress of this poor family, collected presents. She raised a collection, and immediately sent the proceeds to the unfortunate Spaniards.

You may imagine their surprise and joy, my dear children.

Theresa's father came and thanked the Teacher and her school children, for their presents; assuring them that if he ever could return to his own country, he would be happy to repay their noble conduct. During a whole year, the school-girls firmly carried out their resolution, to provide for, and sustain this family according to their ability.

But one morning, Theresa came to announce to them the joyful tidings, that her father was permitted to return to his own country, and to resume the possession of all his estates:

so that now the family hastened to begin their journey homewards. The school girls, with many tears, took leave of Theresa, and made her promise that she would write to them.

Three months elapsed, and no news arrived of Theresa. "The little waffle-seller has forgotten us;" the girls would often say; but no, a loaded waggon, one day halted before the school-house, and several large boxes were unloaded; they were addressed to the school-mistress, and with them also came a letter requesting her to communicate the contents to her pupils.

With the utmost impatience all were unpacked. They found in one of the boxes the most precious fruits of the south; in the others the most beautiful play-things for the smaller, and all sorts of splendid jewelry for the larger girls. A paper lay on the top of the contents, on which was written the following words:—

"TOKEN OF THE GRATITUDE OF THERESA,
THE LITTLE WAFFLE-SELLER."

In a long letter, Theresa acquainted them with every thing; now fortunate her relatives were again; how the Lord, whose counsels are wonderful, made all things tend for their good. The school-girls sympathized in Theresa's happiness with their whole hearts, just as they had formerly sympathized in her distress.

THE FIFTH TALE.

THE MISCHIEVOUS ADELE.

IN the young ladies' seminary where I obtained my education, there came, a few weeks after my own arrival, a girl who belonged to a respectable family. She was thirteen years old, but taller and stouter than is common at that age. Her countenance was handsome, her features regular; she was indeed a beautiful girl, but of a most mischievous disposition, which twinkled in her charming eyes, and yet in no respect disfigured the expression of her countenance.

It was not long before we discovered in her a number of faults, and I observed that she took pleasure in pursuing all sorts of trickery to which she had a mind. She had however completely won our love, as she was not malicious, and was on the whole agreeable; wherever she could render a favour to any one, she would be sure to do it. Her droll answers and comical remarks made us many a time burst out into laughing. She had a sound understanding, and learning was no trouble to her; but she was so inattentive

and thoughtless, or rather so absent-minded, that she would sit a whole hour over her book, without having learned a single word of what was given to her. In vain we spoke to her to collect her thoughts; in vain did we remind her that she would incur inevitable censure or even a sharp reproof. We often proffered our assistance to her, but then she would answer: "you poor children, you do not know Adele, you must know that learning is rather troublesome to me, and I hate whatever is troublesome. I employ myself in thinking of things that amuse me."

During the first two weeks, she did not venture to speak a word in the sleeping chamber; she only covered herself deep in bed, and once and awhile drew a heavy sigh, or made some ridiculous exclamation; but such conduct would soon ruin others.

Her bed stood very near the door, and she could therefore hear the school-mistress coming, though walking ever so lightly. As soon as she perceived the mistress, she was on the alert to warn us; but no sooner had she withdrawn than Adele began to say something funny, that made us all scream out in laughing. We frequently called out to her "keep silence there, Adele!—keep yourself quiet, you will be scolded."

"Oh!" she would then answer us, "mind you that I am lying quite as immovable in my bed as a mug, when I don't sleep; I am not so simple as to be quite deprived here of a little fun; I have had trouble enough all day with my books, therefore

I may well allow myself a little recreation in the evening and indeed little else should be expected of me."

Then she would begin to prattle and jest, and indeed even act out fully a whole comedy, and allot parts of it to each of us, according to our characters.

"Miss Coline," she said to a large girl, "I make you a Duchess, you have a great opinion of yourself, you are very learned already, and allow yourself very willingly to exercise great dignity; it becomes you very well, and it is fully your right to be one."

"You Pauline, as you are always so cheerful and so jocose besides, you are to be the chambermaid of the Lady Duchess; you must amuse her grace, and tell her all you know, and once in a while what you don't know too."

"And these young ladies," continued Adele, speaking to two sisters, "must be the Duchess' daughters, because they are so handsome, and it is very well for them to have this high position."

"But now what shall I make of our Cato? You have wisdom and to spare, that is certain; you are always prudent and cautious—but you shall not maintain forever this glory wherein you always pride yourself so; I—I will rob you of it. But for the present you may keep it."

"What must I do now with our little nun there in the corner?" (this was myself) "you may pay well for laughing or for too much prattling, and fall out of bed yet? No, not that, but they may strike you. You think perhaps, you are better

than I?—All that may be, and not much still! But you shall knit with all for a wager, in order to gain a prize; you may earn it my way; I give you leave, I would not have much need for a clothes-basket to place in your way to win my prize.”

“You, Adele, you may surely claim a prize for naughtiness, when they give one for it,” said one of the pupils.

“None will contend with me about that prize, it will come to me of course.”

Adele observed that some one approached with a light, and she instantly covered herself.

“Somebody was talking here,” said the school-mistress as she entered the door. “It was certainly Adele.” She walked to the bed, shook her, but found her apparently in a deep sleep; that girl could do what she pleased with her features—she could arrange her muscles as she pleased—and could counterfeit whatever character she chose to assume.

It was impossible for us to refrain from laughing at this dissembling, and at the astonishment of the school-mistress, who still was sure that she had heard Adele.

The school-mistress then went to bed, and Adele was as still as a little mouse.

Two days afterwards, it was on a Thursday, Adele expected to have more liberty for certain, and began her usual chattering; she proclaimed a prize distribution. And mark, my dear children, how dangerous a bad example is, it would profit us to refrain from idle talking; it is sensible thoughts that incline us always to our own best interests. I had my-

self a strong inclination to talk with her; yet I refrained, but meanwhile laughed heartily, as it was impossible to avoid doing so.

The principal of the institute, and her assistant, who slept in our chamber, had secretly, in the dark, glided to the door and suddenly opened it, in order to entrap Adele in the act. But at the first noise by the pressure on the door latch, she slipped under the bedclothes and appeared to sleep very soundly.

One of the ladies held a light, while the other endeavoured to awaken Adele out of her sleep, but all her trouble was in vain. She could not succeed in awaking her, and had to give up the attempt.

The principal, who had heard and observed the several voices, gave a stern rebuke, and prescribed a severe punishment for the next day. She then left the room with her companion, quite convinced that none of the scholars would now speak a word.

In the first moment nothing was to be heard but a lonely sigh. But when Adele thought that the ladies had withdrawn themselves far enough, she began again to talk, and said, half laughing.

"They have shook me like a plumb tree, and they have almost set my nose on fire with the light. I will bet that the smoke of the lamp has made great black mustaches on my face."

"Now you have seen that I can accomplish something—and it shall come to pass, if I once undertake to be industri-

trious and obedient, nobody shall equal me; meanwhile I have the honour to make known to the ladies that tomorrow they must march out to parade and pass muster on divers posts, in spite of sentinels, only our little nun is excluded from the parade, and need not do any spying; but as well as she has behaved herself, I may sometime yet rival her in being good. Now it is time to close your eyes. Sleep soundly all my dear little ones."

At last she slept, and so we finally became quiet. We were really tired of laughing at all the names she had given us.

Next day, after all the scholars were collected in our class room, the punishment was pronounced, according to what had been prescribed for our unworthy behaviour, and to us it seemed very severe.

We remained one whole week without going out to play in the hours of intermission—during that time we had no leave to walk abroad—our tasks were doubled, and with them the whole of us were employed. But Adele, the source of the misdemeanor, had besides, in consideration of her having been forewarned, also to stand, during the first of the instruction hours, in a corner of the class room, while the rest of us must remain standing in our places. "Because you have amused yourself in the sleeping room, contrary to what had been prescribed, you shall renounce entirely, during eight days, all the allowed pleasures," said the principal; "and standing here quiet, you may reflect upon it, whether it is right, that after evening-prayers, you should, behind the back

of the teacher with whom you had prayed, laughingly talk, and make noises."

Scarcely had the first hour of the instruction elapsed, when the door opened. In hurried the doctor, who came to visit one of the pupils who was not very well.

Confused at what was to him an uncommon spectacle, that so many of us should be standing there, he took a step backwards and immediately he read in our countenances that we were not placed there of our own accord. In order that he might no longer shame us, as he apprehended our great embarrassment, he made for the door, and did not come back again in order to attend his patient, nor even to speak a friendly word to us.

The patient, whose parents resided near the city, trembled with anxiety, lest her disgrace might come to the ears of her parents. Yet she hoped that the good doctor would keep secret what he had seen.

I must say that I was at the same time much troubled, I suffered more than the rest of my companions. I knew, for myself, that my faults were not so great as those of some others; I had merely laughed with them, but did not speak, and generally took no active part in the mischievousness of the girls. Laugh I must, because it really was utterly impossible for me to restrain myself. I wept bitterly, and could hardly be comforted. Adele then took my part, she declared me innocent; the other girls coincided with her. 'Upon this explanation my punishment was moderated, but still I dared not to sit down, as before.

This was a very beautiful trait in Adele. But the more she was chided, the less she tried to gratify her teachers and preceptress. She had now been three months in the institute, but she was punished nearly every day, and she learned almost nothing. Although she heard Scripture history with pleasure, yet she neglected it also, as well as her other lessons, and to search for the text that was given out from the bible. She deemed it a trivial thing, that she could not recite even the Catechism, for which she was placed at the foot of the class. These degradations ought to have shamed her, yet Adele was light-hearted in the extreme, and even upon this gave vent to all sorts of jests. She knew none of her questions when it came her turn to answer. She had, at some time, learned an extract out of the heading of the Catechism, and now she gave to all further questions still the same answer out of this extract; and this she repeated so fast and so indistinctly, that the good preacher, who did not stand near her, could not understand her, and therefore was not able to decide whether the answer was correct. We heard her well, but would not betray her. But the deception was destined to come to light.

One day, as we had again to recite our lessons, and Adele's turn had come, she gave the same answer, according to her custom; but she spoke some words so loudly that the teacher understood her distinctly. "But these words do not occur in your lesson of this day, my dear child! come close to me and repeat what you have just said."

Much confused, Adele walked nearer to him. She could not

give a correct answer to a single question. "You had better learn the preceding heading first;" continued the teacher, but even of this she knew nothing,—she had not once read it.

"Would you have me pass this by, my child?—you have now betrayed yourself, and you have wasted in vain all the hours passed here, while you might have become wiser and better, if you had been attentive and diligent."

We were all very angry with Adele, and when the class hours were ended we made bitter reproaches to her. Adele did not grieve herself about it, but remained the same, still indifferent and inattentive. Likewise, when in church, she failed in the gravity and respect due to the occasion. She must count exactly how many colours this or that lady had in her dress, and how many ribbons and roses she had seen in their hats; but not a single word did she retain of the sermon. Far from her was the thought, that the holy God heard and saw all things, and that he blesses those, who in spirit and in truth, revere and pray to him. God had especially endowed her with mental gifts; she should therefore have been the more thankful, and should have made the best use of them in her power.

There was but one object that particularly excited her interest and claimed her affections;—for the wants and misery of the poor she had a sympathizing heart. When she saw a poor person, there awoke in her a generous disposition; she was in a state to yield all as a sacrifice to it. She incurred great self-denial to soothe the sorrows of the poor.

Grant that this was right—admit her benevolent dis-

position, and even praise it too, if she fulfilled the commandment, to be benevolent and compassionate: but we may remark upon this subject, that people have duties towards themselves to fulfil, and to provide for themselves: to remove the poverty of their hearts, as mental poverty may lead us to err in respect to wisdom, virtue, and inward peace; in which respects Adele in a great degree, erred. The virtue of compassion may be an excellent virtue, especially if it has its source in love towards God. But we cannot believe that benevolence springs from this source, so long as there is no endeavour to evince a greater love to God, which reveals itself in keeping all his holy commandments, which are learned from teachers, parents, and friends in God's service. But these things you have hitherto so little considered, that children should not be permitted indiscriminately to give alms to the poor. You must here perceive, that you may be following an indefinite impulse, more than being filled with sincere love to God, and a desire to fulfil his commandments. Adele should have meditated on this, and if it appeared that it was her real wish to fulfil, according to her power, the will of her heavenly Father in all humility, it would then have been proper for her to exert her benevolence and compassion.

Adele had sufficient understanding to perceive the truth of all this. At length she began to reflect. She shed bitter tears,—she felt how unworthy she had made herself by her former follies.

Soon afterwards a poor widow came along. She had an

arm broken, and was unable to work. She therefore appealed to the compassion of her fellow beings. All the school children were ready to give something. Adele considered that this was plainly a case in which they would be permitted to give alms to this unfortunate woman. She went nastily to bring her a gift, but the preceptress, who met her, said in an earnest tone: "Have you forgotten what has been ordered to you to-day?"

Adele was this time moved deeper than ever; she did not dare to go back to her fellow pupils, who were collected around the poor woman—she remained alone, sunk in deep reflection, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. The pupils had to put great restraint on themselves, as the poor widow was relating to us, in a quiet, simple manner, some very interesting scenes in her unfortunate life; how often she had undergone great privation and deep distress, but how a merciful God had sent to her good people, who very kindly took care of her and soothed her griefs. The children were happy that they could be instruments in God's hand to console with alms this poor woman, and thereby to dry the tears which she wept anew.

Just as the poor widow had gone away, the preacher came into the school. He spoke very kindly and cordially to all, but as he approached Adele, he contracted his brows with great severity, which made a deep impression upon her. He took her by the hand and looked silently at her. Adele, whom this proceeding greatly affected, fell into real anxiety because of this silence—it affected her more perhaps than many words

would have done—and tears suffused her down-cast eyes. At length the teacher looked kindly at her and said:—

“My child! I wish that I could let you feel the pain that you have here caused all who love you.—Oh, then you would immediately resolve to alter your conduct entirely—then it would be a pleasure to you to be obedient and diligent; and you would be loved by God and man. You have very seldom listened devoutly when I spoke to you of our holy Redeemer, but you must have perceived that he has not patiently borne so heavy a cross, in order that we should live on in our sins—he wishes to be our Redeemer from sin and from the miseries of sin—and he wishes to redeem you also, if you only pray to him to do it;—observe his commandments, and according to the example he has set, renounce your bad inclinations. I will also pray for you and your school-companions will do so too.”

We were all moved—and Adele had never before been so deeply affected. She was permitted to retire and remain alone. When she had long staid away, we became uneasy and searched her out. We found her in a gloomy thicket in the garden, where she had laid herself down and wept bitterly. She spoke not a word, and could not eat that evening. The whole night through, we heard her now and then sobbing. God be thanked! it was the beginning of her regeneration; it was a holy sorrow, which worked to salvation; a repentance never to be repented of.

Next morning she went to her preceptress, and sought her

forgiveness of all her former misbehaviour, freely vowing that henceforth she would give no cause of disquietude.

The preceptress was affected by Adele's sincere repentance, and granted her request, for permission to go and ask the good preacher's pardon, and to make known to him her good intentions.

The old preceptor folded her in his arms, and said—"The Lord bless you, my child—adhere to your good purpose; the first step in improvement is the most difficult, but you have accomplished it courageously; pray to God for aid, and then your zeal shall not cool; look always to your Saviour, who has died for sin, rely not on yourself, or else you will fall again; let yourself be led by his hand, and pray unceasingly for strength and grace from above for the struggle with your evil propensities; then you shall overcome in every strife, and come forth victorious from every trial. And should it happen that you will occasionally find it difficult, that your old propensities still revive, never concede, if you would overcome them; every concession to return to them would endanger your soul; it is a snare of the enemy; to do good will at length be easier for you than to act badly. If we seek virtue, the eyes of Jesus will rest on us in love; our heavenly Father will behold us with approbation, then shall we be real disciples of Jesus, and through that become truly children of God, and will as such inherit the kingdom of Heaven, and there remain with God and Jesus to all eternity."

When Adele came back from the preacher, she came in our midst and besought us to forgive her, and said that she

•

had given us an unworthy example, and had occasionally brought punishment upon us through her thoughtlessness. She also entreated us earnestly to be as a sister inclined to her, to watch over her, and always to tell her her faults openly and freely, and when and wheresoever we might discover any such ; so that she might never again fall into her former mode of life.

These voluntary humiliations were the strongest proofs of her thorough repentance, and of her firm resolve to improve. We all were heartily delighted by it, and we determined to exhibit towards Adele, with sisterly love, the friendship which she sought.

Adele wrote also to her mother, who sincerely rejoiced at the happy change which her child experienced. She did not delay in returning an answer, and to confirm her in the accomplishing of her holy purposes.

Adele persevered firmly in doing good. She was sincere and sensible, humble and obedient, took pleasure in learning, and made great progress in a short time. She became the favourite of all, and when she finally left the school, she was an intelligent and lovely young lady, and continued to be the delight and pride of her mother.

THE SIXTH TALE.

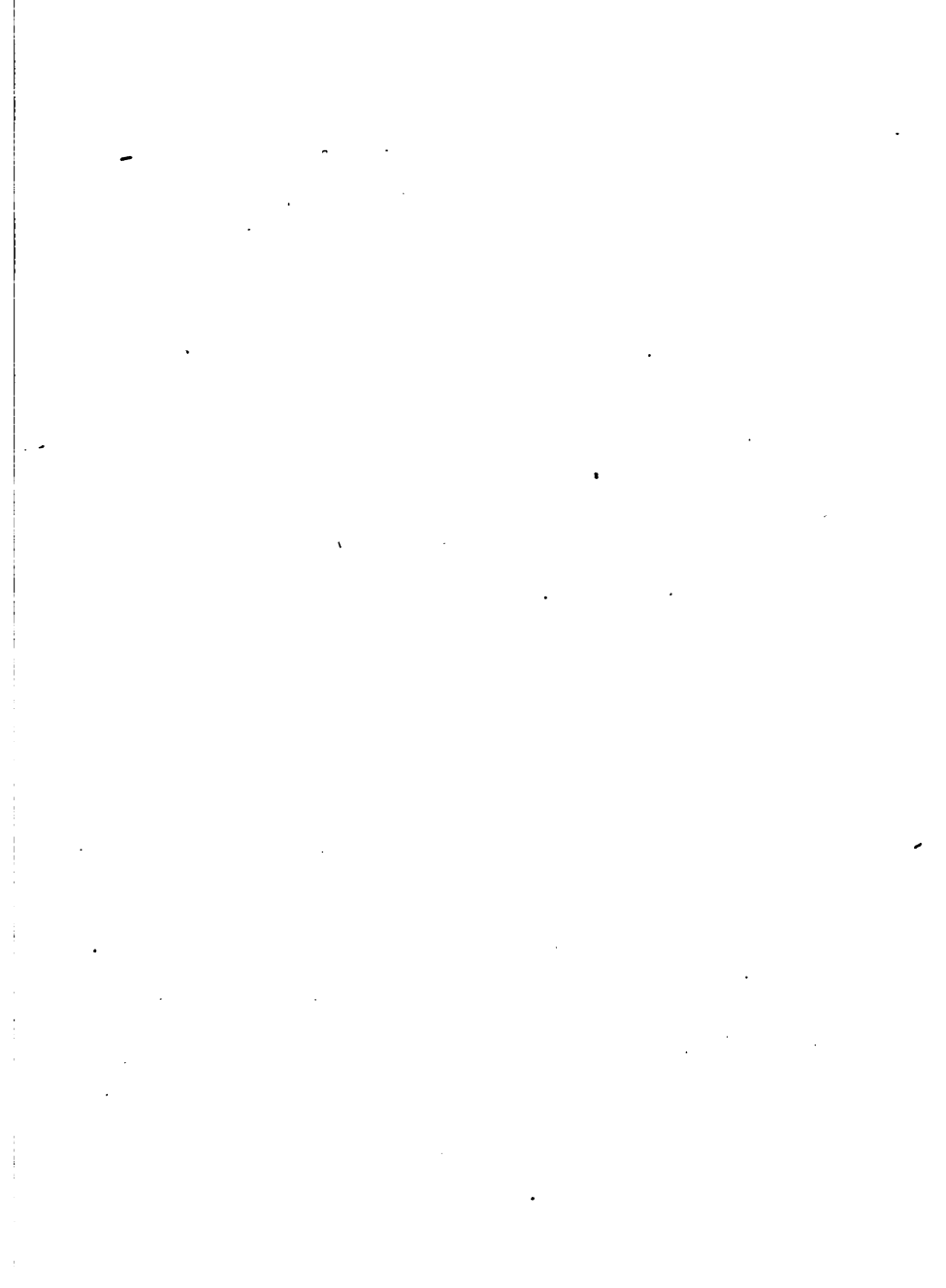
FEMALE COURAGE.

IN the year 1839, the next day after Christmas, it happened that the African sky, which usually is bright and clear, became overcast with clouds. It was only occasionally that the sun's rays pierced through the gloomy atmosphere, and shone upon the white houses of Delly Ibrahim.

This beautiful village is situated some distance from Algiers, and is the first colony which European industry founded in the French possessions on the north coast of Africa. The exiles built shepherd huts of reeds, and the linen tents of a few Arab tribes have disappeared, and in their place, very small but quite neat white houses have sprung up. The surrounding country is cultivated, the marshes from which ascended pernicious vapors, are filled with earth, and the whole district is altered, and presents a better appearance.

One part of the French army, which had established a camp near the village of Delly Ibrahim, defended the colony against the daring attacks of the Arabs; so that the cultivator

(88)





could attend his field without carrying his gun, and the herdsman bring his flock to pasture, without fear of any other danger than that the hyena or the jackal might attack the flock; but such excited less terror than the savage Arabs.

One day the colonists sat on the door-sills of their lonely dwellings, and spoke to each other of the land of their birth, reminding each other of the bright and joyful days of their youth. For a long time they had seen nothing of the Arabs, and felt convinced that under the protection of the soldiers they had nothing to fear. The shepherds and young maidens sang a solemn hymn in the neighbouring church-yard. At a distance from them sat an old woman, on the green sod on which the sweet-scented reseda in great numbers shed their odour. One might know at a glance that she must be a French-woman, but Africa's burning sun had changed the former white colour of her countenance into a copper-hued brown. Her aspect commanded respect and veneration. The cares of life had traced deep furrows on her forehead; yet she was the image of tranquil trust and calm resignation to the will of the Most High. A herd of oxen, which she tended, grazed quietly around her, and a lovely boy plucked a nosegay of wild-flowers, while a large brown dog lay stretched out on the grass, now and then looking up confidently at the child and at the old woman, and then laying his heavy head down to rest.

"Grandmother," said the boy, as the shepherds became silent, shall we not also sing a hymn?"

"With great pleasure, my dear James! we must not for

get that ; but sing with due reverence, because it is a prayer to God, that he may take us into his Almighty keeping."

Soft and sadly now sounded the trembling voice of age and the feeble tones of little James ; and it seemed good to both to act thus, and to offer up in this manner their prayers to God.

When they had finished, the old lady pressed the boy to her heart ; silent tears bathed her cheeks, and her head sank sorrowfully on her breast.

"Dear grandmother," exclaimed James, as he saw this, "you must not weep, I am always here with you, and when I shall be big, I shall do every thing for you ; I shall work for you, and provide you with every thing that you shall want ; I will be your help and comfort."

"Yes, certainly, that you will be, my good child ! Oh, you are my comfort already, you love your grandmother truly, and you help me to tend the flock."

"Grandmother, tell me then once more, why did the Arabs take my father's life—my good, dear, father !"

"Ah, my dear child ! only because they wanted to seize his property ; for before our army came into this strange country there lived here a tribe of Arabs, in the most barbarous condition, and their greatest glory was in robbing and plundering ; and although we have overpowered them, they refuse to accept our laws, customs, and religion. Under pretence of holding a friendly traffic with us, they enticed your father into their midst, and took his life in a horrible manner, plundered our dwelling, and set fire to our clothes

Many a colonist has met a dreadful death at their hands. Still I do not repent that I followed your father to this strange land; for what would have become of you, poor orphan, without father or mother, without protection or shelter, without aid or succour. Old as I am, I can yet earn daily bread for you and me; by tending this flock we gain as much as enables us to live, and when you grow up then we shall return to France and live well there among our friends, who——”

The child suddenly interrupted her discourse, and pointing to the dog, he said,—

“Grandmother, grandmother! only look at Hector, how frightened he sprang up, and how restless he looks about; he listens and stares with a fixed look in the same direction—should we not run from the appearance of danger? Grandmother, look! they are coming already—let us fly.”

They could actually hear a dull sound, as when many horses gallop together; the sound became louder—it was nearer—the ground shook, and the wild scream of—“fly! fly!” echoed from all sides.

Three hundred Arabs on their fleet horses, in white clothes, and armed with long guns appeared in the horizon.

Herdmen, maidens, and colonists disappeared in a moment, but before old Sarah could recover from her horror and be able to escape, her whole herd was collected together, and surrounded by the Arabs.

“Mercy! mercy!” she cried, almost dying with terror, as she beheld an Arab swinging a frightful sword over little

James' head, "spare this infant's life; strike off my gray head rather, for I must soon die at all events"

"Mr. Robber," said little James, in touching simplicity, to an Arab who had grasped him, "oh will you have money? I have it in my pocket—there, there, please take my purse—only take it, and then let us go." And he reached up the purse in which were five pennies, his whole treasure, which he had long been laying up.

The Arab did not understand a single word, but he very well comprehended James' object, and however cruel and savage he may have been till then, he was touched with pity for the child and did him no harm, but told him that he might go. Sarah also beseeched her grandson to go home. but in vain, neither her tears nor her stern commands could move him to leave her—he clung fast to her, and would rather go with her into slavery than have his liberty without her.

The Arabs drove the cattle before them, and led Sarah and James along with them. Hector walked by the side of his little master, and vented his displeasure in low growls, and showed his sharp teeth if any one disturbed James.

Meanwhile, the shepherds who had fled at the sight of the robbers spread terror and dismay everywhere, and when they came to Delly Ibrahim they hastened to a beautifully situated, and tastefully built house, and rapped at the door. There the provost of the village resided with his wife and her mother. His prudence and courage had already on various emergencies been proved; he had often protected the inhabitants from

their enemies. In a moment he had sixty brave fellows collected around him, and he put himself at their head.

"Come!" said his modest young bride to him, "come, set these good people free once more from these arrogant barbarians; may God be with you and bless your efforts."

The little troop started at a full gallop, and soon overtook the Arabs, who were hindered by the cattle and prisoners which they had collected. The foremost of the French attacked the hindmost of the Arabs fiercely, without any reinforcement from the camp, although they saw a troop before them which was four times stronger than themselves.

In Delly Ibrahim the whole of the inhabitants collected around the provost's house, and many a silent prayer arose to God from anxious hearts that shuddered for the fate of those belonging to them, but who must then be in battle with the savage foe.

"Ah, the misfortune," exclaimed the provost's wife, in grief, "they have forgotten the cartridges. My horse here! saddle it for me instantly."

In their great haste the pursuers had actually forgotten all their ammunition, and must have surrendered themselves, without resistance, to their enemies. None would offer to assist them when the danger was so great. Yet a timid woman, till then trembling, was suddenly aroused into a heroine; and what no man dared to attempt, she, from love of her husband and devotion to her countrymen, quickly accomplished. Neither the tears of her gray-haired mother, nor the entreaties of the women standing around her, nor the horrible pictures

which they drew of the dangers in her way, could in the least degree change her resolution. It was very probable that another band of robbers swarmed around, and might fall on her, in her lonesome way to the battle ground.

"Here, Derifa! here, here!" she called aloud, and a little horse, black as ebony, and tame as a dog, ran up at her call. The intelligent animal looked so pleased and arched his neck as if he wished to serve her and to be mounted by her; but scarcely did he perceive his mistress' foot in the stirrup when he stretched his step, erected his head proudly, pricked forward his ears, distended his nostrils and neighed exultingly. Stamping impatiently, and with sparkling eyes, Derifa awaited the signal.

"Race it, Derifa!—race it!" said our brave heroine; and swift as a deer sped the flying animal, and quickly disappeared from the view of the trembling inhabitants of Delly Ibrahim, whose prayers and sighs followed him.

A quarter of an hour brought Derifa to the battle ground; a shout of delight and surprise thundered out from the little troop as they perceived what a precious load he carried. After hastily giving the necessary explanations, they gave a unanimous cheer to the noble woman, and she hastened back to the village, but by a path different from that on which she had come. The hand of an Almighty God led her that way.

Upon a very large plain that stretched away before her, she perceived a boy in the distance. "That must be James!" and swift as an arrow she made for the spot where she saw him standing. She had not been mistaken. The poor child could

hardly creep further for pains and fatigue—and yet he dared not stop there to rest himself, for fear of new dangers; and knew not what way to go. The Arabs had, in their career abandoned him while hurrying off with what they had, and he was an incumbrance to them. In vain he endeavoured to follow them so that he would not be separated from his grandmother. But he soon lost sight of them; and now he had turned back though utterly uncertain in what direction he should start. The noble Hector, still faithful, followed him and endeavoured by gripping his clothes to lead him homewards—does he know the right road? thought the child—finally, he luckily resolved to follow his dog—which now bounded on with delight as he perceived that his little master understood him. Loudly he lamented concerning his grandmother, but still he went on, often turning towards the direction in which the Arabs had disappeared, and still louder rose his crying. Our heroine picked him up, and was very happy to have already experienced so excellent a result of her prudent but daring undertaking, and then rescuing this abandoned orphan child.

When the Arabs found themselves overtaken by the French, they took to a precipitate flight, fearing that the few who came up with them would in a moment be reinforced by numerous troops of their countrymen, while they themselves could expect no assistance. The French pursued them with all speed, but they were more outraged yet by one horrible act of the Arabs;—they had killed old Sarah because she impeded them in their flight.

Unfortunately there ensued a thick fog, and caused the brave French to lose the track of the barbarians. After following them five hours in vain, they gave up the hope of overtaking them, and came back about dusk to the village.

Some Arabs were cut down in the first onset, but the French had been so fortunate as not to lose a single colonist, only one was wounded and he but slightly.

The whole colony was grieved for the deplorable end of old Sarah, but they rejoiced that little James, who was a general favourite, escaped with his life.

The next day the Commander of the camp came with the officers of his staff to Delly Ibrahim, in order to congratulate our heroine upon the memorable exploit which she had accomplished; he praised her courage, in which she had excelled many men. Before he departed he placed the cross of honour on her bosom, as a reward of her heroism.

The noble woman bestowed the distinction upon little James. "Behold now said she, how richly I am rewarded; I had no child, but now I have a beloved son; he may some day serve under your flag."

Joy beamed from the little fellow's eyes at these words, and when he grew up, his courage was often excited by the recollection of his father, of the good old Sarah his beloved grandmother, and of the heroic conduct of his protectress who had saved his life.

THE SEVENTH TALE.

JULIUS AND MARY.

IN a charming district of the Tyrol Alps stood two children, whose expressive features were entirely conformable to the lovely spot where they stood. They knew and felt too, that their country was charming, and especially their place of birth magnificently situated; but they had never so fully nor so strongly felt it—nor become so deeply conscious of it as at the moment in which we introduce them.

They had ascended a considerable distance, and were become very tired. They stood still, in order to rest a little, but still more to look once again over the whole neighbourhood where they hitherto had so happily lived, but which they now should probably never see again.

Every foot path over the mountains and through the valley they knew so well, that they would not have missed it even in the night. There they had together caught marmots, and spread snares for birds, searched for flowers, and plucked roses—and then the swift stream that murmured

through the glen, how many recollections did it awaken in their childish thoughts.—How often had they strayed around with their father, or joyfully sang in the little boat, in which the travellers to their own strand were ferried over—how often had they caught fish there, with their father—and the father—the good father!—he was no more. Two years had they been the only joy and hope of a poor widow, and a sudden sickness took her also to the grave. The children turned with melancholy looks towards their hamlet, and tried to see once more their reed-thatched hut, and among the church-yard trees the tall lindens under which their father and mother lay buried.

There they stood, poor forsaken orphans, without protection or shelter,—alone in the great wide world. The village inhabitants were all so poor, that they were compelled to thrust their own children forth into the world, as soon as they were strong enough to seek their maintenance among strangers; these therefore could not help the orphans. Their mother had spun day and night, and in that manner tried to earn enough to support her children and herself; these exertions were quite too great and too constant; and threw her into a fever which cost her her life. When the poor widow could earn no more, she was compelled to sell her furniture. One article after another was carried away, till at length the miserable hut also became the property of another. When death had at last released the poor sufferer from her afflictions, nothing remained for the orphan children to do but to seek their fortune; far from their father-land, in the wide

world—to obtain, by singing their plaintive mountain ballads, a support from the compassionate.

The few clothes and little trifles they yet possessed, they had tied together in a bundle; and after they had provided a good walking staff, they betook themselves to their journey. An old woman, who was a relation of their mother, accompanied them a short distance; but when the path became steeper, she embraced both the children, and with a sorrowful heart turned back to her dwelling, often looking up to heaven and moving her lips, in prayer to God that he would accompany the poor orphans, protect and shelter them.

The way was pleasant, the weather delightful; the children walked on, quite buoyant amid the charms of the scenery; but when their old aunt disappeared from their view, a sense of loneliness came over them. They felt themselves quite forsaken, and they could not restrain their tears.

They knew perfectly well that the path which they now ascended was not particularly difficult, but they had heard their mother tell of inaccessible mountains and impassable abysses—of dangerous and steep slippery paths, which even their father would have trodden with dread, because of the danger which there threatened the wanderer, who might readily slide off and be dashed on the rocks below.

They had now advanced as far as they were familiar with the road. Their friends had not described the way to them exactly, and they feared they might mistake it. As this occurred to their minds, they felt their energy sinking

fear and anxiety beset them, and they gave vent to their feelings in loud lamentations.

In this great grief they reached the spot where we have introduced them. They wiped the tears from their inflamed eyes, in order once more to look around and above them; and silently they gazed in the direction of their hamlet. Julius suddenly interrupted the silence. The expression of his whole person showed that a happy thought was stirred in his soul,—that he had discovered a light in the night of their grief.

“Mary!” said he, “do you not remember a stranger who came to our village last summer, and whom we led by the paths and stiles over the mountains, and through the valley in this neighbourhood?”

“O yes, I will never forget the good man—and I think he too would well remember us, and the fresh mountain air that had restored him his health again—and the song which we sang him, and that he was so pleased to hear.”

“I hope also, that he has not forgotten us; do you know where he lives?” said the boy.

“No, I do not remember; but it is very far from here to his home. Why do you ask me?”

“All that the gentleman told us stands now so plainly before my mind as though I had heard it but yesterday for the first time; and yet I have never so seriously thought of it as I have to day. Oh, if we could find him again! Dear Mary, then we would be protected! He spoke to us of God; of the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, of Jesus Christ the

Son of God, our Lord, who became poor in order to make the poor rich—he taught us that the first and greatest commandment is, to love God, and our neighbour as ourselves—”

“Yes, Julius, I remember that and very clearly too,—and he told us that the Lord Jesus called little children to himself when his disciples would not let them come, and how he blessed them.”

“Mary! I thought about this kind man, as I was looking at some flowers on the brow of the mountain.—Once I gathered a nosegay of the blue bellflowers and offered it to him. He sat himself down on a stone and made me remark each flower, and showed me their splendid hues, while he asked, ‘have you ever heard any thing about Solomon?’—I answered, no. ‘Now,’ replied he, ‘Solomon was the wisest and richest king that ever lived on the earth, and perhaps, that ever shall live in future; and yet he, in all his glory was not clothed as beautifully as one of these wild flowers. If then the good God has so gloriously clothed these flowers which wither—to delight the poor mountaineers—how much more will he give us all that we need?—think of this, my dear child, if you ever come to want!’”

“Yes, I heard him too, but I had not thought of it before to day.”

“But dear sister now it does us good to think of it. He also said, ‘you are poor children, but your father lives above—in heaven, and he is rich. He has made the golden sun, and all that live, live through him. Pray, when you are in trouble, and God will relieve you from all anxiety and

want.' —I have for some time prayed very often, but never so earnestly and sincerely as this morning, before we began our journey; and I feel myself comforted and strengthened thereby as if I had received a great present, and yet no person has given me any thing."

"I have also prayed, Julius," said the sweet girl. "Let us do so oftener, our good mother did so always, but I have this morning prayed quite differently from the usual way; I have not said the prayer which I committed to memory, but I have spoken, myself, to God, and told him all, exactly as it was in my heart. I have complained to him of what grieved me; I have told him what pressed and pained me, and I believe that the good Lord has this time understood something of my prayer, and that he will grant us what we shall pray for in that way, as he has told us that prayer is acceptable to Him, and that He will hear."

"Yes, Julius! I fully believe that God looks on us with pleasure when we pray; but I am afraid—I fear still that God will not hear us, because we have so often been disobedient. We have before this scarcely thought of God; but now, when we are in want and no person can help us, we first begin to pray and to think of him."

"I have thought much of that too, dear Mary; but I tell you, that I repent it, and I have firmly resolved, that from this on, in all the ways I may go, to be frank and honest, friendly and kind towards every person, and very diligent and industrious. The learned man also told us, that God will pardon all our sins, if we confess them and sincerely vow

that we shall sin no more; and he has further told us, that God will grant us the ability to do good and to shun evil, if we pray to him for it. Ah! if we could meet this good man, if he yet lives! he would make us joyful and very happy!"

Mary was quite cheered by these conversations, and took courage, and was again composed. She said "it seems to me as if we shall never again be so unfortunate, nor so forsaken as formerly; I believe now that the gracious God shall be with us, and will protect and defend us in all our ways."

"Certainly, Mary; the stranger has told me also, that God will send forth his angel, who, although we do not see him, hovers around us, to help us, where men cannot help."

"Ah, good God!" exclaimed Mary now, raising her clasped hands and her eyes up towards heaven, "we know not where this true friend, who has taught us all, lives, but thou knowest it, and thou canst guide us to him. Oh, lead us so that we may find him; for thou knowest all things, and canst do all things, that what we desire may happen."

"May God hear your prayer;" said Julius, while he threw his arm kindly around her neck, "come, let us go on further, and keep in good courage."

Yet once more they looked around in the direction of that dear spot—their home—and then went cheerfully on along the narrow foot paths of the mountain, which they ascended still further, and which now were wholly unknown to them.

Towards evening they reached the solitary hut of a hunter, where they passed the night. At daybreak next morning, he brought them a short distance on the way, towards a village

which lay some hours distant from his hut. The children had now taken a firm resolve to search out the good stranger, whom they so highly prized and sincerely loved. His place of residence they knew not, but they remembered very well that he was a German; they therefore directed their way northwards, after the people had told them that Germany lay in that direction. Daily, since the moment that they formed that resolution, they inquired, in order to seek out their old friend; he was ever in their prayers, and they prayed the living God to grant that they might find him. Their faith stood firm, that God was powerful enough to fulfil their prayers, although they knew neither the man's name nor that of his place of residence.

Without any remarkable occurrence, Julius and Mary reached the village pointed out to them by the hunter. They found there many compassionate people, who plentifully supplied them with bread and some other food; but to their great discomfort, none knew or could remember the traveller, who was very exactly described by the poor orphans, while they rested a whole day in the village. In fact they really needed a day's rest, as they were not accustomed to travelling on foot, and were not only very tired, but their feet had swollen, and some spots of them were here and there under-shot with blood.

They afterwards proceeded still northwards towards Germany. When evening came, they turned again into shepherd's huts, into which they were usually received. Sometimes they found themselves compelled to pass the night in the open air,

when too tired, and no village near that was possible for them to reach. Of every person they met they inquired, whether he knew a large pale man, with dark hair and eyebrows, and clear blue eyes, who had passed a long time in the Tyrol, in order to enjoy its valleys and fresh mountain air, and thereby recover his health. Many persons were so good as to recollect themselves, whether they had ever seen the person described; others answered simply, No! and others laughed at the simplicity of the children.—Their confidence would sometimes be shaken, and they were particularly discouraged and distressed when they had deviated from the right path, and found themselves wandering in a lonesome wild district, and no longer knowing which way they had come or whither to go. One day they wakened at early dawn. They had passed the night with an old coal burner whom they found, and who had prepared them a straw couch.

“Are you awake, Mary?” whispered Julius.

“Yes, long ago, but I am so tired too.”

“I am tired too, dear little sister!—all my limbs cause me much pain; my feet feel better, you have bound them so well for me.”

“We will get up then—come let us be off, the birds sing so sweetly, and we are so sad; it may be something further, I think, to encourage us.”

“Yes, dear sister, God cares for the birds, therefore they are so gay.—Oh, the All Merciful will not forsake the poor children, he will care also for them, if they only trust in him.”

"Yes, I have thought so too; but we have been wandering now five weeks, like lost sheep, on the mountains and in the valleys around, and no person will have us with them where we could learn something whereby to earn our bread."—Tears prevented her further utterance.

"But Mary, we have always obtained our daily food, and have passed the night four times in the open country—and has not God's angel then watched over us, as over Jacob, of whom the dear German has told us?"

"Yes, but we pray daily that the living God would permit us to find this good friend again—but no person has met us that knew any thing about him."

Mary's dejection infected her brother, and both the orphan children, weeping, turned and walked to a collier's hut, to wait until it would cease raining, and God's beautiful heavens should become serene again, and that they might gain courage and comfort. The coal-burner was busy in his garden.

"Will ye go on further, children? Do you not want something in my hut?—but what is the matter—why are you so troubled?" and he drove the spade into the ground and approached the children; grasped both of them by the hand, and then sat himself down between them on a bank of turf.

Now they were obliged to relate to the kind old man all the incidents of their lives and all the events of their journey. They closed with the complaint—that they had believed that the gracious God would hear people's prayers—but hitherto their prayers were still unheard.

"Dear children!" said the old man, very gravely, "do you see these gray hairs?" and at these words he took his cap off, to strengthen the impression which the sight of his silver locks must awaken:—"Seventy times have these beech trees lost their leafy crown since I was born—and seventy times has God beautifully adorned them again, as they are now arrayed round my lonesome hut—now do you think that God is more mindful of these trees than he has been of me?—Children! you are yet young, and your journey of life may endure long; think occasionally on the old man with the gray hair! My head bends already towards the earth, in which I shall finally rest, but my trust in God has become as firm as these beech trees; and shakes not, even if troubles burst over me like a whirlwind.—God hears the young ravens very well, and when they cry to Him He gives them their food: how much more will he also give us, who know and revere Him!"

"Has God, then, heard your prayers?" asked Mary.

"My child, if the gracious Lord had always heard my prayers, it would be difficult for me to choose; for I have prayed for what would have proved a great disadvantage to me if the Lord had granted it; but I can assure you that God is a friend, and will grant our prayers when His granting them, will benefit us and make us happy. Believe me, dear children, if His granting your prayer, to find again your good German friend whom you seek would be useful to you, then God would surely let you meet him; but you must not be so impatient in searching for him, as if God could not

lead you to any other person who may be as kind to you as this man would be—perhaps the Lord may help you through some other person—perhaps it is better for you that you do not so soon reach a settled home, in order that you may learn the more readily to take refuge with the true Father of the orphan. Take courage,—be honest, industrious, and cheerful. God's eye watches constantly over you, and He will guide and lead you in the manner that will be best for you."

The children never felt themselves so satisfied and contented since they had lost sight of their parental dwelling. The words of the old collier,—that man whose trust in God was as unshaken as the rocks,—nightly comforted them. It seemed as if his faith had imbued them. They thanked him for his wise instruction; and after they had refreshed themselves with a bit of bread and a drink of water, they pursued their journey onward.

"Shall we not still pray to God, that we may find our friend again, if it be possible?" said Mary, after they had gone a long way in silence.

"Certainly, dear sister, but it is also true, as the old man has just said to us;—'God has perhaps many people who can help us; we dare not set our own wills as the best, but must wait patiently what God designs for us,—whatever pleases him.'"

It would be impossible, my dear children, to recite to you all the more or less important occurrences, that befel our little travellers on their weary journey. We confine ourselves to relating the chief incidents only. They had now been

twenty days in Germany, wandering about, without having found a single trace of their desired friend; yet they lost not their courage, nor relinquished the hope of finding him again. They regretted much that they had not inquired his name and place of abode—but there was no help for it now. God only could guide them, and they relied on Him alone for their daily food, and their lives.

One evening they reached a small town. They possessed only a few pennies, but not a crumb of bread. Yet they hoped to receive something from the people of the place before night-fall, and then to find a lodging also.

With throbbing hearts they stood before a dwelling, where a mail-coach had halted, and many people were collected. When the rattle of the vehicle had ceased, and they supposed they might be heard, they raised a soft evening song—with each stanza which they sang, they became more encouraged—their united voices were stronger, and the people in the dwelling began to notice them. Their song was ended, but no person gave them any thing. They then began their favourite song:—

“Deep down yon green vale,
Stands my lone cabin;
Bitter want has this lot me assign’d.
Up! climb the mountains!
Each step.I ascend,
I feel myself richer and greater in mind.

Here, from the mountains,
 The glens look charming,
 Freer I breathe the balmier gale;
 Wild flowers bloom here,
 In tints that delight me,
 And balasmic odours for me exhale.

"Here hails the glacier,
 The morning's first beam,
 Mute but sublimely proclaims a God!
 Here the fleet wild goat,
 The silver brook drinketh;
 Heav'n sheds blessings profusely abroad!

"Here, on the mountains,
 My heart swells enraptur'd,
 Beats quicker, louder, and prouder free;
 Here boldly scorn I,
 All grief and sorrows,
 I'm nigher to heav'n;—God is with me.

"Ah! must I ever,
 My country forsake?
 One boon, kind heav'n! unto me vouchsafe—
 Here, sweet is my life,
 Here, calm, I'd resign it.
 Where rock'd my cradle—there be my grave."

Scarcely had they sang two verses, when an aged man opened the window, and very earnestly listened. When they had finished, he called the children to him, took his pen and a leaf of paper, and kindly said; "dear children, will you please to rehearse me once more that song; and I will write

it down, I have often heard a good friend of mine singing the beautiful melody, but the words have escaped him, he can remember but the first and last stanza now." Then turning himself to a youth, who stood by him, he proceeded: "It will give great pleasure to your uncle, if I can recite to him his loved mountain song, from beginning to end; all that he remembers of his residence in the Tyrolian mountains, is to him so valued and dear."

"My dear uncle has much to thank the pure mountain air for," replied the youth. "How weak and sickly he was when he left us, but there he soon recovered his health, and returned to us strong and hearty."

Julius and Mary said to each other with palpitating hearts—"it may perhaps——!"

When the old gentleman had written out the song, he felt in his pocket, about to give the children something; but Julius said:—

"My dear sir, we do not want any thing more for our song, than an answer to a single question. I heard you speak of a friend, who had lived a long while in the Tyrol, in order to restore his health, and who knows part of our song. Was it last summer he was there?—and has he not spoken of Julius and Mary—and of the widow, to whom he had been so good?"

"Julius and Mary, Oh, he spoke very often of them."

"God be praised!"—exclaimed the children, "ah, my dear sir, that is our best friend, because he has while we accompanied him on his walks, spoken much to us of God's mercy

and of his magnificent works. 'Where does he live?—we have been seeking him ever since our mother's death, because no person is so wise and so good as he; he will advise and help us that we may live as industrious and honest persons.'

After more questions, the children became still more joyful, by the discovery that after such long searching, they had at length found their friend. He was a preacher at N—— which was distant many miles from the little town where they then were. But no journey was too long for them, and they would gladly have started that same evening, had not their great fatigue rendered that impossible.

The interest which the old gentleman took in the children, increased every moment. All the good that his friend told him of them, he saw verified. He was very sorry that he was compelled to journey in an opposite direction to that which the children must take. He gave them the names of the different places which they must pass; and he assured them that no person would assist them better with counsel and exertions than this preacher, his most intimate friend. He presented the poor orphans with as much money as would enable them to make the rest of their journey much more comfortably than they had made the first part of it, and they travelled on again the next day.

You may well suppose, that Julius and Mary did not tarry long in any one of the places through which their way led. Neither had they journeyed so cheerfully, nor had such bright thoughts entered their hearts, nor had they so much money as on the morning they left the little town

where God in his goodness directed them on the path which led them securely to their goal. Believe not, dear children, that kindness met the poor orphans continually on all their routes;—many took them for impudent beggars, or for lazy vagabonds, and abused them with harsh language—“away with you, idlers!” Yes, once in a while, people would set their dogs on them, to chase them from their doors, while some took them for thieves who wanted to glide into their houses, in order to steal. If it happened that the good children were very tired, when they met with such treatment, you may imagine to yourselves their condition. But the end of their troubles was nigh. Their journey from this time out was not difficult. No person would over-charge the poor orphans, and they were now in a condition to stop at meal-time at a little road-side inn, and to get their lodgings there at night.

How their hearts throbbed as they, one evening, beheld the town of N— lying before them! The declining sun gilded the church-spire—ah, thereabouts, thought the children, the beloved pastor’s dwelling must be. No star, to their view, ever beamed so benignly as that spire, reflecting the sun’s rays into their eyes, as if to invite them;—“Come and behold how the Lord leadeth those who trust in Him—come and see, our good friend is there, he will receive us with open arms!” Tears of joy glistened in their eyes.

They now quickened their steps. With beating hearts they entered the city gate. But a thought awaked in their minds—what shall we say?—they inquired of each other

Meanwhile—ere they settled this question—they arrived before the house, the goal of their long and frequently painful journey. Should they pull the bell of the house?—or wait until some one would open the door?

Just then some person walked to the window.—It is he—yes, yes, it is himself! This loud joyful exclamation led a large and somewhat pale, but cheerful and good looking man, to direct his kind blue eyes towards the children. His glance was sharp and penetrating, as if he endeavoured to remember them—whom he well might.—With sobbing voices the children began to sing :—

“ Ah! must I ever,
My country forsake?
One boon, kind heav’n! unto me vouchsafe—
Here, sweet is my life,
Here, calm I’d resign it.
Where rock’d my cradle,—there be my grave.”

Hastily the pastor opened the door, as he heard these well-known tones, to which he had so often listened, when Julius and Mary sang it to him, together.

“ My children!—is it you?—how came you here?”

Julius and Mary could not answer him; they covered his hands with tears and kisses—at last Julius recovered the firmness and courage to say:

“ Our mother is dead, our little all is consumed, and we knew not whither to go. Then we prayed to God that he would permit us to find you out, although we knew neither

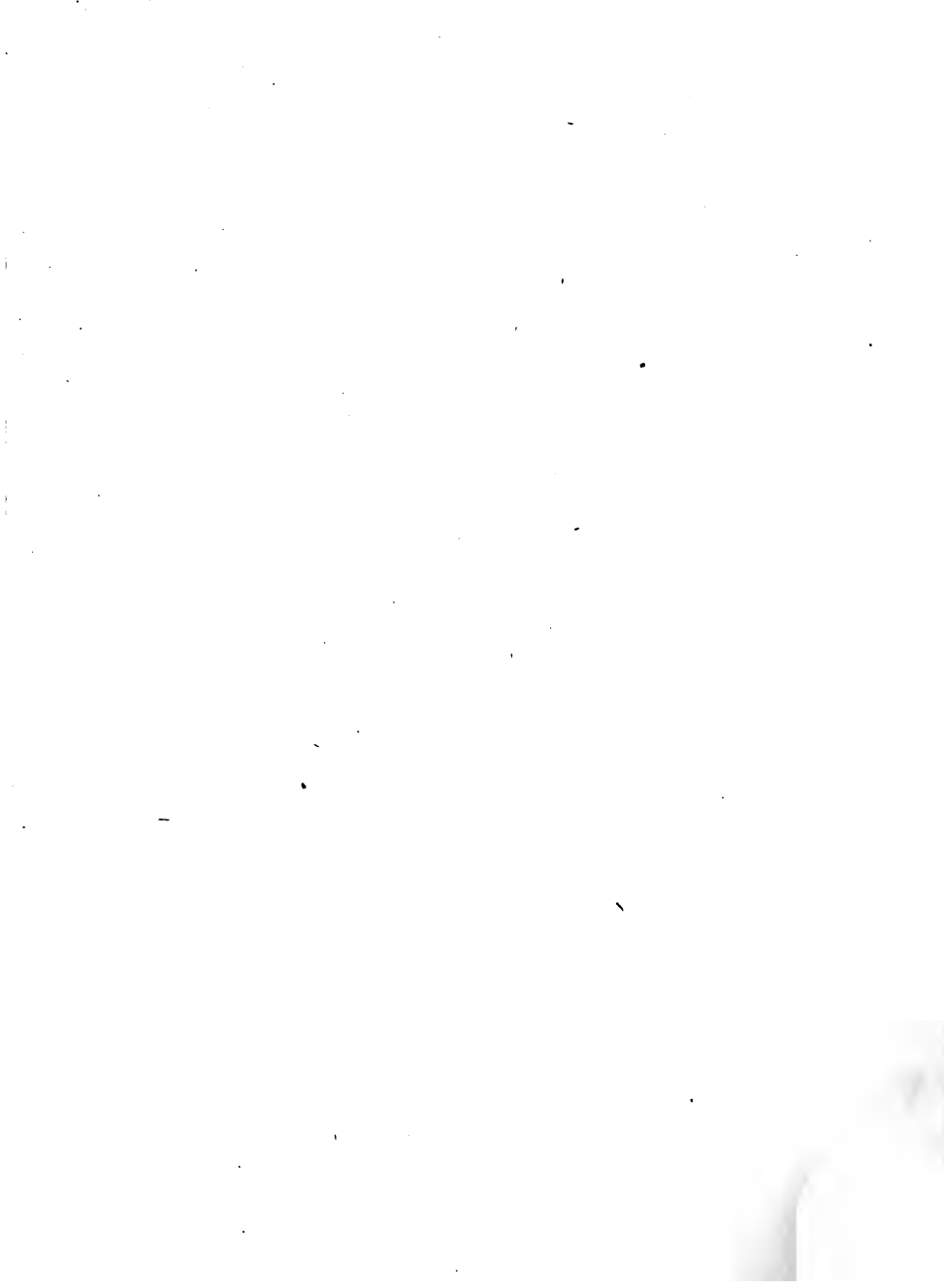
your name nor your residence. You have taught us to trust in God and to pray to him; Oh, teach us now what further we must do, in order to become happy and honest."

The Pastor was surprised and astonished at the faith of the children, and admired God's mercy, which so evidently had been with the poor orphans. He brought them to his wife—and then the orphans, after they had sufficiently rested and refreshed themselves, narrated to this beloved friend every thing that had occurred.

"You can remain in future with us," said the Pastor, kindly,—“I shall see whether you will find pleasure in learning something.”

He would employ the children in all sorts of work in the garden and within doors, which contributed to their greatest contentment. They showed themselves so obedient, and attentive, so diligent and industrious, and besides acquired so much skill in all things, that the parson spoke to his wife, and both resolved to keep the orphan children with them and to educate them. Some hours of each day were devoted to instruction, and Julius showed such docility and understanding, and so much zeal and pleasure in learning, that he exceeded their expectations. Through his untiring industry he soon gained what had formerly been neglected, and left most boys, his elders, behind him. Mary, too, acquitted herself to the great pleasure of her foster parents; the industry and care which she displayed, both at school and in the house, where she was instructed in housekeeping, were crowned with the fairest results. Both Julius and Mary be-

came, under the oversight and direction of their esteemed friend and his amiable wife, good and happy persons. Thus their prayers were heard as they wished. But their cheerfulness was founded on godliness; and so their other prayers also began to be fulfilled;—they were become happy. They daily experienced that godliness is useful in all things, and that they had the promise of this life, that prosperity and health awaited them; and they bore in themselves the assurance that they should be happy, forever, in future.



Princeton University Library



32101 063603995

359
338

Examples of goodness...

[illegible]

